POLICE CRIME IN ALBANY **CHRISTIANSON**

THE NATION

DECEMBER 3, 1973 *50 cents*

"And being a non-Communist junta, we can count on U.S. support!"

CHILE IN 'THE WALL STREET JOURNAL'

Laurence R. Birns

'Behavior Modification'

The Case of the Frightened Convict

Clay Steinman

'THE COUNTRY AND THE CITY' by RAYMOND WILLIAMS

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EDITORIALS

'I'm Not a Crook'

Richard Nixon's performance before the Associated Press Managing Editors Association in Orlando, Fla., was the low point in the history of the American Presidency. With the cameras of all three networks focused on him, Mr. Nixon dealt his high office a cruel blow by arguing like a shyster lawyer that he is not a crook. Who, or what, brought the incumbent to a point of such desperation that he felt compelled to demean his position by subjecting his audience, in the hall and in the nation, to that meretricious self-serving harangue? No man in command of himself ever proclaims his own honesty, because we all know instinctively that the mere assertion raises the possibility of its opposite. It is as bad as a woman protesting that she is chaste. Once the claim is made, the game is up.

The President, of course, is in a terrible fix, for which he has only himself to blame. In effect, he confesses as much by accepting responsibility for Watergate and attendant scandals. Zealots though they were, his chief aides did not initiate the various activities which may yet lead to his impeachment; he did. He selected these aides; some were old associates who enjoyed his full confidence; in fact he still regards them as fine public servants.

But though what the President has done to himself might be forgivable, what he has done to the Presidency is beyond pardon. For a President of the United States to stand up in Disney World and plead "I'm not a crook" is humiliating, unforgettable and unforgivable. No charge or criticism of the President is more serious that the manner in which, on prime time, in living color, he elected to undercut the dignity and prestige of the Presidency, in a desperate effort to buttress his collapsing political fortunes.

A Shysterish Performance

In his latest offensive, including the Orlando performance, the President is not "going public" or seeking to make belated "full disclosure." On the contrary, he is attempting to fuzz up the issues, to create an appearance of being candid by promising to tell all at some future time, to stall for time, hoping that the Watergate scandals will disappear by attrition. The Orlando presentation was an exercise in the art of the fractional truth and the misleading statement. In an hour's session he was asked fifteen questions, mostly about Watergate, only two or three of which were sharply focused. As a sample of "tough" questioning, he was asked what he intended to do when he ceased to be President! He asked himself one question, and gave evasive, inaccurate and nonresponsive answers to most of the others, engaging the while in long, self-serving monologues.

Once again, he misrepresented the Jefferson-Burr letter. He explained why certain tapes were missing but failed to account for his inexplicable delay in making the fact known. He spoke of the tapes as though he were engaged in some titanic struggle to secure their release, but failed to mention that Judge Sirica, bored by such posturing, has said that they can be released whenever the President feels so inclined. He said that Lyndon Johnson had put him up to taking a $500,000 deduction on his papers as Vice President, but failed to note that Johnson had decided not to attempt a gift of his own papers, at least not all of them, because Congress had indicated its disapproval of the practice (see editorial, "Papers: Public and Private," *The Nation,* July 2). He sidestepped a question the thrust of which related to the availability of his tax returns by calling attention to an audit of his affairs which he had paid for. He deliberately failed to answer a question as to whether he had discussed "the legality or illegality" of the break-ins when he gave Egil Krogh, Jr. approval for the Ellsberg project. He charged that the Democrats in Congress had "put a gun" to his head about the hike in milk prices, but failed to explain why, in that case, industry leaders were willing to shell out nearly $1 million for campaign funds to settle for less than what the Democrats wanted to give them. Nor did he say why he did not push the gun aside and simply veto whatever unconscionable increase the Democratic majority might have approved.

Yes, illegal campaign contributions had been accepted from corporations, but the Democrats had also accepted them because people didn't know that "the law had been changed" (that particular law has been on the books since 1925). Once again, he recited the dreary bit about Jaworski being removable only with the concurrence of the bipartisan leadership in Congress, failing to mention that this arrangement might well give Senator Eastland the deciding vote. Once again, he said that he had not questioned John Mitchell about Watergate because he assumed Mitchell would volunteer any pertinent information. But the President knows Mitchell as well as Mitchell knows the President and both knew that "deniability" was the name of the game they were playing. The Constitution imposes an obligation on the President to see that the laws are faithfully executed, yet this President was not moved by those black, specific headlines to ask any questions. And, of course, he fuzzed the facts by trying to make it appear that he had been light years ahead of the Congress in his thinking and recommendations on the energy crisis. All in all, it was a degrading performance for the people of a democracy to endure.

The Political Strategy

The strategy of the President's recent offensive, carried out on several fronts, is clear. Circumstances have forced him back to the same hard-line defense position from which he started. He is attempting now to hold the loyalty of enough Republican—particularly liberal Republican—and Southern Democratic Senators to discourage any more push for impeachment by demonstrating the difficulty of marshaling a two-thirds vote in the Senate. At the same time, he is going to extraordinary lengths to keep Senator Goldwater, a key figure, in line. If more than a third of the Senate opposes his ouster, he will stay on. He might resign if this support were to diminish and if the House were finally to adopt an impeachment

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resolution; but the House, to borrow a phrase which he used in another connection, is a "pitiful, helpless giant," and no one knows when and if it will act. Even so he would not resign unless his successor would agree to protect him and his chief aides as he protected Agnew.

In the meantime he can stall, hoping as Vic Gold—Agnew's former aide—has said, that a "shell-shocked, nerve-frayed public" will eventually turn on his tormentors. The opposition of Judges Sirica and Gesell to the notion of a court-appointed special prosecutor probably means that Jaworski will stay on. In any case, there is enough merit in their position to insure a long court battle, which would be to Nixon's interest. On the other hand, some of the liberal Republicans—Brooke, Mathias, Packwood, Baker—apparently did not respond well to the President's White House lobbying efforts, and most of them were put off by Nixon's charge, which he tried to retract, that Richardson lied. Indeed, the handling of Richardson-Cox continues to weigh heavily against the President. There is also much evidence that, at the organization or grass-roots level, many Republicans long devoted to the President have turned deaf ears to his recent appeals, feeling that such an effort should have been made last spring. Republicans up for election next year are now painfully aware that Watergate is not a containable issue and involves them as long as the President heads the party. So whether he can hold enough political support to hang on remains to be seen. The procession of serious charges against the President has somewhat abated, but there may be more to come, as when Rebozo testifies, if he ever does.

But the greatest danger facing the President is the possibility that the Los Angeles County prosecutions involving Krogh and Ehrlichman may get out of hand. Through his counsel, the President has been trying since early summer to dispose of the charges against Krogh, Colson and Ehrlichman—and with good reason. To establish a defense, Krogh and Ehrlichman (and Colson, should he be indicted) must prove that the President gave general approval to the plumbers' project. At the moment, communications between Krogh and the White House seem to have broken down. So Krogh and his counsel have been suggesting, in courtroom statements, that the President is a vital defense witness because he approved the project and also because he told Krogh to lie in the interests of "national security." The White House does not control the Los Angeles County prosecutions and Superior Court Judge Gordon Ringer has made it clear that he would be willing to entertain efforts to subpoena the President at some point in the proceedings against Krogh, Ehrlichman, Young and Liddy. Of course, the special prosecutor could request that the West Coast prosecutions be held in abeyance, or the Los Angeles courts might dismiss the proceedings if the President's "exculpatory" testimony is not available. Yet these proceedings are a time bomb that ticks away, and there is always the possibility that Krogh or one of the others might decide to blow the whistle.

So the President is by no means out of the woods. His present offensive—Campaign '73—comes too late and offers too little. He has not restored his credibility and in fact may have undermined it still further by his recent performances. What they establish is that the public will

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never learn the truth from Nixon's *ex parte* statements, and, since he cannot be indicted before impeachment, it is only through an impeachment trial that the truth can be tested in the traditional manner—that is, by placing witnesses under oath and subjecting them to intensive cross-examination.

A Policy in Tatters

The latest Israeli-Arab war and the Arab oil embargo have shaken a lot of the unreality out of U.S. policy toward Europe. Much of what was proclaimed as fact has turned out to be fiction; much of what was touted as friendship and good will is revealed as the self-interest of European nations, in conflict with the self-interest of the United States.

Insofar as our major Western European allies are concerned, the danger of an outright breach is slight. The ties binding us to France, England and West Germany can survive a great deal of fraying. But the dictatorships bordering on the Mediterranean, and Portugal to the west, are another matter. The Greek colonels, battling students who were supported by a large number of workers, had to call out the army when the police proved unable to contain the rebellion. Eleven persons, mostly students, are dead, and about 150 are injured. The junta took over a soccer stadium to contain its prisoners. While the colonels may survive this uprising, the argument that Greece had to be bought and paid for as the reliable southern bastion of NATO turns out to be nonsense.

The Greek Government, certified by U.S. Ambassador Henry J. Taska in 1971 as "very cooperative in all our security problems," summarily barred its territory to the American airlift to Israel. The Greeks don't even watch their manners. Clayton Fritchey writes that the Premier, Spyros Markezinis, in the anti-American newspaper which he uses as a mouthpiece, referred to Dr. Kissinger as "Heinrich" Kissinger and described him as a German Jew, an adventurer, a soldier of fortune and soft on communism. The rebels also like to insult Americans (with good reason, since without our support the government would have fallen long ago), and American sailors were recalled from shore leave.

Franco does not have an outright rebellion on his hands at the moment, but he is embroiled in conflict with the Catholic Church, and not with just its left-wing or libertarian elements: the Archbishop of Barcelona, Cardinal Jubany, had sided with his rebellious clergy, defending "freedom of assembly and association" as "a natural right, and blasting the police for illegally invading church property," all according to *The New York Times*.

Spain is pro-Arab and increasingly anti-American, despite the billions we have poured into American-built bases and facilities, over which we have less and less control. The current agreement does not run out until 1975, but we are pretty much tenants-at-will (of the landlord) and how much military value the bases have is an open question. The American air forces in Spain are expected (by American strategists) to range over the entire Mediterranean, but when the current Middle East war broke out, Franco sent word to Washington that the American-manned bases were not to be used in any way in connection with that conflict. About all our facilities in Spain seem to be good for is to service our nuclear submarines. The Franco government nurses various grievances, such as the fact that the United States has not become its full-fledged ally, and has failed to get it admitted to NATO.

In Portugal the picture is brighter, but it may not stay that way. The dictatorship there allowed bases in the Azores to be used for stopovers of C-5 transports carrying supplies to Israel, and fighter bombers on the same route. However, the Portuguese were definitely unhappy about this collaboration, partly because most of Portugal's oil comes from Arab states, and because our Congress has reacted strongly against any direct use of American aid in its colonial wars in Mozambique, Angola and Guinea-Bissau. The dictatorship expects American support in its African wars, and for its position at the U.N. Portugal's government is probably the most tyrannical in Europe, and the most oppressive toward women. Three young Portuguese women have been on trial for "offending public morals" by publishing a book in defense of female rights. If the Nixon Administration attempts to strengthen its ties with Portugal for strategic reasons, the screams of American feminists will be heard all the way across the Atlantic.

In the light of what has happened, and is happening, in the Middle East, there is need to re-examine U.S. policy in Europe, especially where dictatorships are involved. Are they worth buying, particularly in a sellers' market, in which we don't even know what restrictions will be placed on our purchases when trouble starts?

Memo to the White House

In a frightening mixture of metaphors the President has warned us that, if we continue to "wallow in Watergate" and cut off his legs, the Republic will perish. He cannot, he protests, carry on the business of government in the midst of such distractions. But there are neglects of clearly needed action which cannot be excused on this ground and which appear to be stagnating by deliberate policy.

More than a year ago, the Rev. Theodore M. Hesburgh, president of the University of Notre Dame, was in effect fired by Mr. Nixon from the chairmanship of the U.S. Civil Rights Commission. Father Hesburgh was much too zealous in defense of minority rights for the President, who tends to be zealous in defense of his own political interests, as reflected by his resistance to integrated housing and his *de facto* alliance with the opponents of bussing. So Mr. Nixon got rid of Father Hesburgh and, by way of further sabotage, has failed to appoint a new chairman. Father Hesburgh said recently that the President is letting the commission "die on the vine" by this neglect, that the failure to appoint a new chairman reflects a lack of concern by the White House for civil rights.

That is putting it mildly. The commission limps along, trying to do a good job despite lack of White House support. It is a kind of ombudsman agency, calling attention to what needs to be done, prodding, prompting, in-

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quiring, suggesting, and in general trying to keep civil rights issues alive. It is outrageous that the President refuses to make even a symbolic gesture of support. If he does get around to it one of these days, the delay is still unforgivable. And it has nothing to do with Watergate.

Nor is it a case of Presidential forgetfulness. When Father Hesburgh was ousted, the Rev. Paul Moore, Jr., Episcopal Bishop of New York, deplored the President's action and declared that with Father Hesburgh's departure "we not only lost a respected public servant but are duly warned that for the first time in history we are retreating from a major gain in the understanding of what the United States stands for." Last March, Sen. Hubert H. Humphrey wrote a long letter to the President, reviewing the situation, expressing public gratitude for Father Hesburgh's distinguished service over sixteen years as a member of the commission, and its chairman since 1969, and setting forth his concern over the continued vacancy of the chairmanship. Senator Humphrey quoted Father Hesburgh to the effect that in the past four years President Nixon had spent no more than fifteen minutes with the commission—and that was before Watergate. When Father Hesburgh routinely submitted his resignation in November 1972, along with other agency heads, it was speedily accepted.

The same policy of Executive sabotage by neglect rules in some areas of foreign policy. In the November 12th issue of the *Congressional Record* (H9846), Rep. Henry Reuss commended the decision to send an American ambassador to Cairo, despite the fact that the Egyptians have publicly insulted the United States on numerous occasions. Sweden has never done anything of the kind —the Swedes' diplomatic manners are impeccable. The Swedish Government merely registered its condemnation of United States policy in Indochina (see "Cold War on Sweden," by Robert Skole, *The Nation*, August 27). The Nixon Administration should stop acting like a sulky child over the Swedes' exercise of free speech and should promptly appoint a new ambassador; and in general it should cease blaming its sins of omission and commission on Watergate—which it inflicted on itself.

Burning Vonnegut

Drake, N.D., population 700, would seem to have had only the slimmest chance of making the metropolitan dailies, but in democratic America no community should ever despair of achieving fame. Drake made it by burning three dozen copies of Kurt Vonnegut's *Slaughterhouse-Five*.

The town not only got an 8½-inch story in *The New York Times* (November 11) but its modest *auto-da-fé* elicited an angry letter from Jerome Weidman, president of the Authors League of America, urging that copies of *Slaughterhouse-Five* be replaced in the school system and that the Drake board of education reconsider plans to burn James Dickey's *Deliverance* and an anthology of short stories by Hemingway, Faulkner and Steinbeck.

What happened, according to reports from Middle America, was that a high school sophomore complained that Vonnegut's novel was profane, or obscene, or both. Fearful that the girl's morals had been irremediably damaged, the board of education called a special meeting and decided to burn the book, the author not being available. The board also voted not to rehire an English teacher, Bruce Severy, 27, who had introduced Vonnegut to Drake's children. Noting that none of the board members had read the controversial work, Mr. Severy declared that to condemn a book without reading it is "academically dishonest, anti-intellectual and irrational."

Just so. Equally pertinent is Franklin D. Roosevelt's remark, quoted by Mr. Weidman: "We all know that books burn—yet we have the greater knowledge that books cannot be killed by fire." Can Drake, N.D. expect to succeed where Hitler's Germany and Mussolini's Italy failed? To the contrary—a lot of Americans who missed *Slaughterhouse-Five* when it first came out will now borrow it from their libraries, or buy it in paperback.

Chile in *The Wall Street Journal*

LAURENCE R. BIRNS

On November 2, *The Wall Street Journal* devoted some two-thirds of its editorial page to the military overthrow of the constitutional government of Chile, its causes and its aftermath. It chose three lines of inquiry to develop its principal theses: the extent of the violence visited upon the nation; the quantity of public support that the Allende government had behind it immediately before its demise, and the achievements, on balance, of President Allende's tenure. Taken together, the three separate contributions which appeared on that page make up one of the most provocative ventures in American journalism of recent times.

One of the articles was "Those Horror Tales from Chile," by Pablo Huneeus. Several weeks earlier, Everett Martin, the *Journal*'s Latin American correspondent, had referred to Huneeus as "one of Chile's leading sociologists." At the time, I found this description puzzling, since I had known several members of Huneeus' family but had

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heard hardly any reference to him in Chilean intellectual circles. I have tried, therefore, to check closely into Huneeus' professional status, which I thought it important to establish, since the major thrust of his article is the contention that John Barnes, foreign correspondent of *Newsweek*, was inaccurate in his estimate of the number of bodies he had seen in the Santiago morgue ("Slaughter-house in Santiago," *Newsweek*, October 8). Without question the Barnes piece was the most influential one on the Chilean coup to appear in the American press; it was a major factor in moving Senator Kennedy and the U.S. Senate to pass an amendment to the foreign aid bill which would restrict to humanitarian purposes U.S. assistance to Chile.

It has been established that Huneeus is a well-spoken, widely traveled and charming man who can hardly be called a leader of Chile's sociological community. He is himself of aristocratic background and has made two socially brilliant marriages. His first wife, Delia Vegara, is one of Chile's two female graduates of Columbia's School of Journalism and editor of *Paula*, the nation's foremost women's magazine. It was for this magazine, I've been told, that Huneeus had done some of his professional writing. *Paula* can be thought of as a more discreet cross between *Vogue* and *Cosmopolitan*, and Huneeus was something of its Joyce Brothers.

For part of the Allende period, he was out of the country on an extended honeymoon in the Spanish Mediterranean after his second marriage. Huneeus is part of the Zapallar set, frequenting Chile's most exclusive beach resort. His entire life has been spent among Chile's upper classes. A member of the right wing of the Christian Democratic Party (PDC), he some time ago addressed a party meeting on the Allende administration's vulgarity and lack of culture. After watching him on television, one member of his own PDC faction described Huneeus' beliefs as being barely distinguishable from those of the rank and file in Patria y Libertad, the nation's most extreme right-wing movement.

The Wall Street Journal editors vouch for him as "a Chilean known to us as being objective and independent," an endorsement that would seem to strain the meaning of those adjectives. Huneeus emerges, rather, as a man who by breeding and experience would find Populist or Socialist politics anathema, and the *Journal*'s decision to use him as one of its windows into Chile casts reasonable doubt on its own objectivity. On September 20, Everett Martin introduced Huneeus to *Journal* readers as an intellectual whom he had sought out as part of his endeavor to supply a broad view of Chilean realities. By November 2, the association is closer: the editors identify Huneeus as a "journalist and professor of sociology at the University of Chile, who previously has assisted American correspondents, including those of *The Wall Street Journal* and *Newsweek*, in preparation of reports on Chile."

Presumably he did not assist John Barnes on his story of October 8. Huneeus is utterly skeptical of Barnes's account of his four visits to the Santiago morgue, raising even the possibility that he was never there at all. The accuracy of the *Newsweek* correspondent's body count at the morgue is important, because the military junta that overthrew the Allende government on September 11 and now rules Chile has attempted to minimize the ensuing casualties and thus the magnitude of the violence to which the nation has been subjected. It has consistently issued unrealistcally low figures—as late as September 16, the junta was maintaining that only ninety-five people had been killed in the fighting. At about the same time, the CIA intelligence estimates were that some 2,000 to 3,000 people had been killed, and those were the minimum figures that the bulk of the European press was using; some reputable correspondents were claiming that scores of thousands had fallen. For the junta, therefore, it was of pressing importance that the John Barnes article be discredited: it was playing havoc with the new regime's public relations abroad, particularly in the United States.

It is to this task that Pablo Huneeus vigorously directs himself. He questioned the morgue's resident doctors and staff as to the accuracy of the Barnes article. He was told that Barnes was lying when he said that he had seen fifty bodies strewn in a corridor. And as to the 2,796 bodies which Barnes says the daughter of a staff member told him had been processed through the morgue since the coup, the reactions are "what brilliant imagination"—"what an exaggeration!"

But supposing that Huneeus has reported accurately what he was told, what is the value of that evidence? He does not tell his readers that the Medical College of Chile (the equivalent of the American Medical Association) is an extremely conservative organization; that it was a mainstay of the massive anti-government middle-class strikes of October 1972 and immediately preceding Allende's overthrow; that it had stubbornly opposed the establishment of clinics in the poorer districts, insisting that medical services must be dispensed from hospitals (which are often many miles from the slums that ring Santiago), and that since the overthrow it had militantly supported the junta.

Political bias aside, is it reasonable to suppose that anyone working as a public servant today in Chile would dispute official junta statements? In the days immediately preceding Huneeus' trip to the morgue, books were being burned in the streets, machine guns were being held at the heads of children during nocturnal raids on private homes (including those of an American network correspondent and of the former rector of Santiago's Catholic University), people who disappeared from working-class districts were later reported killed while "attempting to escape." Barnes himself admits that he got into the morgue only because those on duty there were careless; it was scarcely to their advantage to substantiate his story. But Huneeus does not take such factors into account; as "one of Chile's leading sociologists," he strolls over to the morgue and has a chat with the people he finds there, as though Santiago were as relaxed a city as Geneva.

Friends in the European section of the U.N. Secretariat have given me a copy of a cable sent from Santiago to UNESCO, Paris, on October 5. It is signed by Luis Ramallo, at that time acting secretary-general of the U.N.-affiliated Latin American Faculty of Social Science (FLACSO). Among other matters, the cable refers to the abduction and subsequent violent death of a young Bolivi-

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an, Jorge Rios, who was a student at FLACSO. While Mr. Ramallo was recently in New York, I showed him my copy of the cable and he verified it. I also asked him about his observations at the morgue, which he visited on September 19 in search of Rios. Ramallo said that the room in which he had counted approximately 185 bodies was apparently not the one where Barnes saw the bodies that he described, but he confirmed Barnes's description of the entrance to the morgue and the physical surroundings of the anteroom through which Barnes had passed.

After talking with Ramallo, I got in touch with *Newsweek*, and several hours later he and Barnes met me in my office where, using a makeshift diagram of the morgue's layout, they confirmed each other's account of the building and of what they both had seen. This encounter between Barnes and Ramallo became part of *Newsweek*'s response to the *Journal*'s attack on its accuracy, which appeared in the latter's issue of November 15.

When Ramallo made his morgue visit, he went first through the front door to get a pass, and then went out and re-entered the building through the ambulance entrance; he was accompanied by a Protestant minister. Passing along a hallway containing a number of coffins, he was shown into a large room to look for the body of Rios. Huneeus had quoted a Dr. Vargas, "an elderly experienced doctor," as dismissing Barnes's tally of the bodies he had seen, on the ground that he was suffering from "perception shock." To illustrate the effect of this reaction, Vargas said: "When there are ten bodies together many persons can't even recognize their wives or fathers." That, said the doctor, is what "must have happened to that correspondent, presuming he ever got into the morgue."

For Luis Ramallo, Huneeus and Dr. Vargas will have to provide another explanation, because he and his associate spent more than an hour in one of the morgue's rooms. And shortly thereafter he said in his cable that he had found his student's "bullet ridden body with signs of multiple concussions and two large gaping wounds in chest and legs. Body was found among some 150 [he chose a figure lower than his actual count] similarly unidentified and wounded bodies in the public mortuary where it had been deposited by military."

Discounting the five children (three little boys and two little girls), one of whom, in death, was gripping his father's leg, and the small number of women, Ramallo had to peer into the face of almost every naked cadaver in the room, looking for his student. He noticed that the bulk of them appeared to be of working-class origin, that a number of them had mangled limbs, and that the majority of them had been shot. He guessed that they were all recently dead because attendants were mopping up blood after several bodies had been moved, and there was no smell in the room, even though it was not air-conditioned. He did not find Rios' body in that room and an attendant then told him it might be in an adjoining room. On entering, Ramallo realized that he was in the morgue proper, for he could feel cooling and noticed the sliding shelves common to such places. In this room, he found Rios' body. One of the things which Ramallo recalls from this visit was an offhand comment by one of the doctors that they no longer had time to make individual autopsies, and that many corpses received only visual certification of the causes of death.

Huneeus makes the point that the list of the cadavers on the door of the mortuary was consecutively numbered. He then says that the figure of 2,796 bodies cited by Barnes was actually the total for all of 1973. Mr. Ramallo saw a list of some 130 names posted on the door when he paid his visit, and of this number, two-thirds had the word "unidentified" next to them. He reports also the interesting fact that, under the column giving the source of the bodies, the bulk of the notations cite such authorities as the "Tacna Regiment," "naval patrol," etc. There is enough evidence in Mr. Ramallo's narrative to establish that, during the period immediately after the uprising, the morgue was being inundated with the victims of violent deaths, that the morgue itself was under military control, that there was no reason to believe that anyone would readily tell the truth, that the occasion when Mr. Huneeus visited the morgue was perhaps many days after Barnes had been there and that, whatever the accuracy of the statement made by the daughter of an official to *Newsweek*'s correspondent, things were far from normal at the morgue, or for that matter, in Santiago.

Given Mr. Huneeus' background, his complaint about the "journalistic imperialism" of *Newsweek* and his statement that this "rich American magazine sends from London a British correspondent a week after the coup" (Barnes has long journalistic experience in Latin America) because "he only wants to use us for a story that will sell" must be taken with a wry smile. It is a wonder that, with the dismembered ruin of his nation lying around him, a large number of his fellow journalists and academics in jail or dead; with many of the nation's newspapers and radio stations closed down (the remainder being censored); the universities purged; and the military acting as the Praetorian overseers of national institutions, Huneeus can say with an almost palpable shrug that "it's sad so many died, but it's good so many survived."

While Huneeus does add, "Not that I am happy with the junta," he mentions not one thing that causes him unhappiness. And his remark that "Every Chilean feels that, no matter how low the death toll, what happened is a tragedy," is patently untrue. The post-overthrow celebrations that occurred in middle-class neighborhoods suggest that a large number of political opportunists and those whose economic interests had suffered are perfectly content with the way things have turned out. At best, they deplore the death toll. And to offset the killings and the oustings, there is now more room in the university faculties, hospitals, media and professional life for those who were, or thought themselves, slighted during the Allende years. (Unlike those now out of favor, they were able to voice their opposition to the government and their lives and those of their families were secure.)

For the *Journal*'s editors, Allende got what he deserved—"The generals took care of him before he and his assassination crews could get to them." This apparently refers to "Plan Z," a document as well authenticated as the Protocols of the Elders of Zion. This alleged plot was trotted out several days after the coup, when a justification was needed quickly to placate the world outcry over the carnage. The *Journal* editorializes on November 2: "it

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is amazing there's been as little bloodshed as there has." Apparently, the minimum CIA figure (a more accurate figure might be from 7,000 to 10,000) is trivial.

Or does the *Journal* base its estimates on the reporting of Everett Martin, who has been their Latin American correspondent for several years, having previously been *Newsweek*'s correspondent in Vietnam? Martin is a decent, well-meaning man, who has been far more ready than most U.S. correspondents to go out in the field for a story. The questions to be asked are what preconceptions does he take with him and how does he go about acquiring his information? Unfortunately, he is often unreliable as to facts and, although he is diligent, his insights are open to question. Since Martin began reporting on Chile, I have compiled a list of eighty-five of his most obvious mistakes of fact and interpretation.

Characteristic of such lapses were Mr. Martin's efforts in the piece he contributed to the *Journal*'s November 2nd issue, entitled " . . . a Few Loud Echoes from Academia." Martin is troubled that " . . . so many misleading reports and analyses of the events surrounding the coup in Chile . . . have appeared in reputable" segments of the media. While slightly separating himself from Huneeus when he says that " . . . there have been killings and executions that certainly seem excessive," Martin is still convinced of "*Newsweek*'s misrepresentation of the facts" and is distressed by the "presentation of much more insidious and subtle articles"—namely E. Bradford Burns's observations on the Chile coup which appeared in *The Nation* of October 29. Martin is specifically unhappy with Professor Burns's tally of a pro-Allende parade, but he is generally unhappy with the activities of the academics, for there isn't " . . . much that's accurate or useful in the colored accounts the U.S. academic community is currently putting out on the subject."

Since I'm a member of that community and since I'm on record as having said in the *New York Review of Books* (November 1) that Mr. Martin's reportage on Chile is helping to "construct a mythology designed to show that Allende was responsible for his own fall," I feel personally involved. In another publication, I hope to evaluate some of the economic statistics he has been providing since he began writing on Chile. I can say provisionally that only occasionally do they conform to generally accepted data.

In the *Nation* article which Martin attacks, Burns puts the number of people who participated in the pro-Allende parade of September 4 at more than 800,000. Martin insists that at most there were 20,000. Both Martin and I know that, in the fervent atmosphere of Chilean politics, it has long been easy for both the government and the opposition to muster massive parades at short notice. Foreign observers have often marveled at this ability. In an article dated July 6, Martin himself noted that " . . . so far Chile's economic problems haven't apparently eroded President Allende's base of popular support." Yet a scant two months later, he is intent on establishing that it was difficult for the government to mobilize a large outpouring of supporters, and had to resort to tricks to bolster the crowd's apparent size. Says Martin, the Allendistas chose the Plaza de la Constitución for their demonstration because its comparatively confined quarters would make it seem that more people were present. He and several colleagues (unnamed) ". . . noted that a large contingent marched around and around one block to make it look larger."

The facts are as follows: the plan was to have all the paraders (not just the group Martin mentions) march around the reviewing stands, which were in the Plaza. For six hours, four columns of marchers converged on the Plaza and then passed back to the Alameda, the city's principal thoroughfare and three or four times as wide as New York's Fifth Avenue. The crowd filled the Alameda from the Plaza Italia to the vicinity of the Moneda, the Presidential palace, a distance of at least ten city blocks. Conservatively put by the opposition, the crowd numbered 300,000. Others used figures closer to a million. Whatever Professor Burns's abilities as a crowd counter, they are superior to those of Mr. Martin.

Actually, it is possible that Martin got his demonstrations mixed up. In another article he says that ". . . at least 300,000 women gathered in Santiago to demand that President Allende resign." That demonstration, which occurred on September 5, extended the short distance between Catholic University and the UNCTAD building and, given the limitations of space, it couldn't possibly have numbered more than 15,000 to 30,000 people.

In his November 2nd article, Martin writes of ". . . mounting evidence that there was considerable fraud during the Congressional election for the government to achieve the 44 per cent total" of the vote which it won. This "mounting evidence" was actually the fabrication of one man, Jaime del Valle, dean of the Law School of Catholic University. Soon after he made this charge, he appeared on one of Chile's most popular television talk shows (having previously asked its director not to press him on the "fraud" issue), and in the presence of the director of the nation's electoral college, himself a member of the opposition Christian Democrats, was forced to reveal that he had no evidence. It should also be noted that the opposition-controlled Congress did not support the allegation of any sizable electoral fraud. Somewhat later, del Valle was overheard admitting to the rector of his university that he had invented the charge in order to provide the opposition with a little ammunition against the government.

Almost alone of foreign correspondents, Martin believes that "the armed forces were loyal to the government and were the last to turn against him." In that case, one might ask, who were the first? Jonathan Kandell of *The New York Times* wrote a long article on the plotting of the coup a number of weeks ago. His conclusion was that the military had begun to conspire almost a year earlier and that it soon reached the point of being determined to go through with the deed, whatever the circumstances. Rather than accept the official account, Mr. Martin might seek out interviews with Gen. Manuel Torres de la Cruz, Adm. Jose Toribio Merino, a Valparaiso right-wing priest by the name of Osvaldo Lira, and read back issues of a publication called *Tizona*. He might also explore the role of Jaime Guzman, now the junta's leading ideological mentor, and the ultra-montane "Movement for the Protection of the Family, Tradition, and Property." That group had close ties with similar

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groups in Brazil and elsewhere in Latin America, and was particularly active in proselytizing the Navy (at its Valparaiso headquarters) against the government.

Furthermore, Martin's statement that the military's loyalty to the Allende government is evidenced by its having joined his Cabinet on three separate occasions somewhat obscures what actually happened. It wasn't, as Mr. Martin suggests, so much that Allende wanted the military to join him as that the opposition parties insisted that it do so as a precondition for settling economic and other difficulties. Nor does the record agree with Martin's contention that, far from advocating Chile's continuing to receive American military assistance, ". . . it was Dr. Allende's opponents who resent the U.S. aid to the Chilean military. . . ." One would like to see one official or nonofficial statement from either of the two major opposition parties that would uphold this allegation.

And Martin seems to have recurring trouble with figures. In an article published a day after the coup, he gives the size of the Chilean Army as 25,000 men; the Navy, 5,000; and the Air Force, 5,000. In the 1973-74 listing by the prestigious London-based Institute of Strategic Studies, the figures are respectively, 32,000, 18,000 and 10,000. Martin also has trouble with chronology. Several paragraphs later in the same piece, he writes: "Last January, while the three chiefs of staff were still in the cabinet, Mr. Allende was pressured to allow passage of a bill. It gave the military the right to search for and to seize all illegal arms in the country." But that bill was passed the previous year and had gone unimplemented for many months. It can be persuasively argued that the military search squads began energetically to carry out raids (mainly against left-wing arms caches) only when plans for the military coup had matured and the need to strip potential adversaries was at hand.

Another issue raised by Martin is that "the professors want to forget" that back in April 1971, when the pro-Allende forces mustered 50 per cent in the municipal elections (in the September 1970 elections their tally had been 36.2 per cent), they pointed out that Allende was no longer a minority President. But after the March 1973 Congressional elections, when the government coalition received only 44 per cent of the vote, they conveniently forgot the slide from the earlier vote of 50 per cent. But if Martin were conversant with modern Chilean history, he would know that almost invariably the Chilean electorate votes in larger numbers for the seated President in the first election after he has taken office than it had originally, and that also it invariably votes against him in the midterm one. Allende's popular predecessor, President Frei, a Christian Democrat, experienced a similar precipitous rise and decline of support. The important feature of the March Congressional election was that, despite the dislocations, the food shortages and the dismal short-term economic prospects for the nation, the electorate voted in significantly larger numbers for the government candidates than it had in 1970. Considering the patterns of Chilean history, that was an exceedingly important achievement.

Boston Globe

"Did Ya Bring the Beer?"

Martin speaks of corruption within the overthrown government. Of course there was corruption. But, given the difficult circumstances of the nation, and the basic middle-class background of most of the leftist administrators and managers, would Martin and the *Journal* maintain that corruption was at a level to justify the destruction of much of the civic decency that formerly characterized the Chilean nation? There were no political prisoners under Allende, and under his rule, the broad range of all the freedoms was maintained. Compare what existed then with what exists today. On a deeper level, there is implicit the inference that democratic procedures are only for good times and when a business-oriented regime is in power. When a regime committed to social justice and a redistribution of national wealth comes into office, different ground rules are apparently in effect. The *Journal* and Martin speak repeatedly of Allende's minority government, but in fact, except for the Frei years, every Chilean President in the 20th century has won office only with a plurality. And the fact that the opposition did win a majority vote during Allende's tenure does not justify Martin's conclusion that a majority of the public advocated the violent, bloody overthrow of the constitutional government.

The *Journal*'s staff could have approached the Chilean economy from a different direction. Martin dismisses those U.S. academicians who attribute Chile's economic difficulties to the fact ". . . that Chile has always had economic problems and anyhow all the difficulties were caused by the U.S. credit blockade." But is he prepared to deny that Chile had one of the most archaic and stagnant oligarchy-controlled economies in all of Latin America, or that Allende inherited one of the highest per capita national debts in the world? Granted that Allende's economic policies would win him no friends in the American business community, isn't it true that the cutoff of supplier credits from the United States and the aborting of development loans from the regional and international agencies, together with a falling market for copper through much of the Allende years, would have placed an in-

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superable burden on the best-managed of economies?

Martin goes on to say that in fact the Allende regime "received more international credit than any other Chilean government in history." He cites no figures, but even if his statement is accurate, what does it mean? For the most part, Allende's Chile received only bilateral credits, spaced over a period of years. (Supplier credits from the United States all but disappeared.) For any one year, the figure probably fell significantly under the inflation-adjusted credit flows which occurred during the Frei era. In any event, these credits were for specific goods from specific countries. They did not permit Chile to buy on the open market and were of little use in buying the replacement parts and components needed for industrial and transportation systems geared to equipment manufactured in the United States.

While I would certainly not blame all of the Allende administration's economic problems on the United States' systematic policy of economic denial, one cannot easily comprehend the *Journal*'s sardonic editorial statement that "We sympathize and understand why they [". . . armchair Marxists around the world . . ."] now blame the United States. . . ." Isn't the *Journal* struck by the fact that, although every year during the Allende period Chile asked the United States for grain credits, within a few days after its overthrow, the military junta was awarded eight times the amount that Chile had received in the preceding three years? And just the other day the flood of private credits began once again, with Manufacturers Hanover leading the file of U.S. banks that are providing the military junta with $150 million of private credit. Another compelling fact is that the Inter-American Development Bank, which operates under a virtual U.S. veto, turned down every request made by the Allende government, but is now about to award the junta a development loan almost five times the amount of IDB's disbursements to Chile during the entire Allende period.

Martin's Chile was a hermetic world, with its base in the American-flavored Carrera Hotel and largely cut off from the political realities of the nation about which he was critically reporting. Martin is a man of cheerful loquacity. He arrived in Latin America for the first time in 1971, and came upon a Chile under Allende. One of his early and consistent tutors there has been Orlando Saenz, president of the Chilean Maufacturers Association. His interpreters were at best members of the right-wing faction of the Christian Democratic Party. When he entered slums, he was escorted by a militant of the same faction and talked to dissident PDC-leaning members of the community. When he went into the countryside, he was on occasion the guest of expropriated estate owners. To some degree that caricatures his actual performance, but during the time we were both in Chile, that tended to be his *modus operandi*. The whole of Chile isn't opened up by that type of scrutiny.

Martin's characteristic style is to relate anecdotally a series of interviews with unnamed people who are predominantly critics of the former government. From such sources he documents his impression that post-junta Chile has "an almost unreal air of relaxed normality." A businessman tells him that the workers were showing up on the job even when they aren't scheduled, overlooking what he partially admits—that an atmosphere of fear and insecurity pervades the working classes. He then drifts over to Santiago's Café Haiti (a gathering place for businessmen and professionals), where he gets in conversation with an unnamed Communist engineer who expands freely on the corruption and lack of discipline of Allende's Chile. Back at the foreign ministry, Martin discovers former staffers who are almost grateful for being fired by the new regime. As for the casualties at the Universidad Tecnico de Estado on the day of the coup, he discounts the "reports in the foreign press of mass killings," because "the death toll in this incident has since been revised to twenty, most of whom were reportedly foreign revolutionaries registered as students." But where, other than in a junta press release, could one find these "revised" figures, and who reported that "foreign revolutionaries" were registered as students? A Chilean student who attended that university and who is a member of the Frei faction of the PDC has assured me that upwards of seventy-five students and others were killed in that incident. One of Martin's major shortcomings is that he finds it easy to believe junta press releases, and equally difficult to believe statements from sources favorable to the former Allende government.

I do not dismiss that government's many errors of administration and conceptualization of policy. The record of such mistakes is substantial, and I have commented on it elsewhere. Nor do I want to debate Pablo Huneeus' thoroughly consistent opposition to the Allende government from its inception. Nor is it my intent to dwell on Martin's careless and naive reportage (naive, certainly not conspiratorial), nor his inability to deal maturely and adequately with what he accurately calls "one of the most complex nations in the world."

What does concern me is the breezy way in which Martin and the editorial board of *The Wall Street Journal* have become militant apologists for a military regime that fulfills in every respect the definition of the word totalitarian, if not fascistic. I would have, for example, expected the *Journal* and its staff to display some concern for freedom of the press in Chile, some concern for civil liberties and civil rights and some ability to separate themselves from an attitude which tacitly asumes that the only segment of Chile worth concern is the middle class, and that the main yardstick of a nation's achievement is its GNP.

The quality of Everett Martin's reportage is particularly important because *The Wall Street Journal* is one of a handful of American newspapers that has a specifically designated correspondent for the Latin American area. It is essential, at a time when the region is experiencing a rising level of economic and political nationalism, that the U.S. business community be accurately informed of the problems and expectations of Latin America. Everett Martin's coverage of the Chile story patently fails in that respect. It would seem, also, that in a period of East-West détente, he reveals a certain lack of sophistication by constantly employing variants of the phrase, "the Marxist government of Chile." How would we respond if the left-wing press in other countries used the phrase, "the capitalist government of the United States"?

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Rather than mocking the effort being made by the U.S. academic community to grasp what has been occurring in Chile, it might be constructive if correspondents like Martin joined the scholars in a mutual learning process. The collaboration might improve our comprehension of a region which, when it receives any attention at all in the American press, all too often suffers from the biases of the reporters operating in the field.

Few recent international incidents have witnessed such a regrettable journalistic performance as *The Wall Street Journal*'s coverage of Chile. Perhaps the phrase—"underlying contempt for Chile"—which Huneeus uses to score his opponents, should be redirected toward his employer: the *Journal*'s treatment of the Allende years and the aftermath is almost a case history in distortion, ill will, condescension and amateurism. □

POLICE CRIME

ALBANY'S FINEST WRIGGLE FREE

SCOTT CHRISTIANSON

Albany, N.Y.

For more than fifty-three years, Daniel P. O'Connell's ubiquitous Democratic organization has ruled Albany in a manner which some visitors have described as "10 per cent Tammany Hall, 10 per cent Nazi Germany, and 80 per cent *Alice in Wonderland*." For most of the city's natives, however, "Uncle Dan" is a living legend, and voting against his people just wouldn't seem—well, natural.

Albany has one of the nation's most powerful old-style political machines, a rare reminder of the days of Tweed, Pendergast, Crump and Curley. Throughout its long reign, it alone has managed to withstand one bright-eyed challenger after another; it alone has stuck to the old way, and survived to tell the story.

But age is finally beginning to show, and the once impregnable machine has begun grudgingly to give ground. Albany is not what it used to be, and neither, it seems, is Dan O'Connell. With its population down to around 100,000 and its downtown drained by the suburbs and immobilized by massive state construction projects that glut its potholed streets, Albany resembles the aging star who hasn't much future, but oh, what a past! The machine used to win landslide victories partly because of its bargain-counter tax rates, but now Albany residents have found that their past is catching up with them: in four years, taxes have increased 92 per cent. Today, as O'Connell approaches 90 in relative seclusion, the reins of power have passed to Mayor Erastus Corning II, 64, scion of one of upstate's "superior" families.

Corning, though, is no Uncle Dan. Although he has served as Mayor for thirty-two years, he has yet to be canonized in many voters' eyes. What is more, certain intraparty factions have quietly begun seeking ways of cutting themselves a larger piece of pie. Meanwhile, the pie is shrinking. Within the last few years, the machine has surrendered a smattering of county offices, including district attorney, and the bosses were recently forced to submit to their first local Democratic primary in more than half a century. Several leading party stalwarts have been indicted and some of them convicted. With more legal action expected in the not too distant future, the traditional cloak of immunity appears to be wearing thin.

Only a few weeks ago, the machine's strength was put to the test in a long-awaited duel with the State Commission of Investigation (SIC) over alleged police corruption. And although it may be too early to pronounce a winner, the episode might serve as an important lesson to would-be reformers.

Two years ago, the local *Knickerbocker News-Union Star* published a nine-part investigative report charging widespread corruption within and around Albany's 240-man Police Department. (See "Albany's Fix: The Cops Can't Find the Pusher," *The Nation*, November 29, 1971.) Focusing on narcotics and prostitution, the articles contended that the machine had made it easier for policemen to be dishonest than honest, and concluded that most of the men had responded by taking the path of least resistance.

The newspaper charged that cops had taken regular protection payoffs, tipped off pushers and pimps about scheduled raids, and even that some detectives had managed their own prostitutes. More important, it charged that several leading political figures had involved themselves in various rackets with police protection; that party bosses had exercised control over police selection and promotion practices; and that policemen were expected to make regular "campaign contributions" in return for favorable treatment. In short, the charges were of the sort usually leveled at the police henchmen of corrupt political machines.

An aroused Mayor Corning branded the newspaper stories as "trash," "science fiction" and "irresponsible reporting," and applauded his Police Department as "the finest in the state." Corning also urged Governor Rockefeller (an old friend) to order a full probe by the SIC in order to "clear the department's good name." All standard procedure in such a situation: a newspaper had published corruption charges, the Mayor had or-

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dered a full investigation, and an outside body had been directed to look into the charges. And the reaction was predictable.

Immediately after the newspaper exposé, several police commanders alerted their men to the presence in their midst of state investigators. Patrolmen were told to keep their mouths shut. Chief Edward C. McArdle directed several detectives to conduct a thorough internal investigation of the charges. The aim: to secure signed affidavits which could impeach or contradict material contained in the articles.

After-hours bars, brothels and other potential spots were instructed to close down until things cooled off. Arrests of junkies, whores and bookies skyrocketed. City parking meter revenue mysteriously rose nearly 100 per cent (in 1969-70, the city's 1,400 working meters had yielded an average daily sum of less than 7¢ apiece). Some prostitutes and junkies were literally run out of town, while one notorious pusher-pimp—a central character in the newspaper stories—was quickly sentenced to fourteen years in prison on an old charge.

One figure bothered the police. Robert Byers, a former narcotics squad head who had received numerous civic awards for outstanding police service, was learned to have been a major source for the newspaper. Four months before the stories appeared, Byers had quit the department, citing the chief's failure to do anything about several reported incidents of corruption. During his nine-year service, Byers had built a solid reputation throughout the area as a good and honest cop; he had made many friends. Because of that, and for what he knew, Byers was marked for destruction.

The *Knickerbocker News* quickly learned that the machine was circulating rumors that Byers was "mentally unstable" and a "troublemaker." The paper condemned the rumors as false, praising Byers as an "outstanding" and "courageous" police officer. Despite various machine pressures, Byers was subsequently hired as police chief in a neighboring (Republican) town.

The machine also began preparing its legal defense against the impending SIC report, and the city used the same group of lawyers to represent policemen who were called to testify before the commission in private hearings. This tactic enabled the city's defense team to become acquainted with the great bulk of private police testimony, and to pinpoint many of the SIC's sources. By the time the public hearings were convened, the lawyers had had almost two years to prepare their arguments. They had enjoyed full access to department records, and had used as investigators a number of on-duty city police detectives.

For more than six months, the lawyers managed to use the lower courts to block the calling of witnesses. The city also brought suit to have the SIC—officially, only a "temporary" body—declared unconstitutional. Last March, the SIC publicly accused Mayor Corning of attempting to "delay and obstruct" the very investigation he had requested. Corning replied that the SIC was "harassing" his department. One by one, the machine's courtroom motions were granted by Albany judges. One by one, the decisions were reversed on appeal. A special state judge was finally appointed to hear all motions related to the case. On September 13, word leaked out that the SIC would begin to hold its public hearings in less than a week. Richard Kohn, chief lawyer for the police, described them in advance as a "political hatchet job," designed to influence the coming mayoral election.

The hearings began on September 18, in a cramped courtroom at the state's newly opened South Mall Justice Building which has generated its own scandal. Inside the hearing room, two Albany detectives took copious notes, stopping occasionally to rush out to phone in important developments. On the street below, several nonuniformed city policemen maintained surveillance over the building, some of them communicating through portable radios or hand signals whenever an important face appeared. The proceedings got off to a tense start when Joseph Fisch, the SIC's chief counsel, complained that police were attempting to harass potential witnesses by posting visible guards around the building. Newsmen scurried to the street to take pictures and ask questions of two of the stakeout men.

The hearings lasted eight days and included testimony from twenty-five witnesses, several of whom were identified only by first names or by initials; in one instance, a man described only as an Albany policeman testified anonymously under immunity from behind closed doors, his disguised voice being transmitted into the hearing room by loudspeaker. Some of the testimony was as follows:

¶State investigators accused the city of mounting a massive "cover-up" of police wrongdoing. Cops had tried to bribe witnesses not to tell what they knew to the SIC; the department had ordered some cops to "investigate themselves." The state also charged that some witnesses were summoned to police headquarters and asked to state for the record if they knew anything about the police payoffs—sometimes in the presence of the very officers they had paid off.

¶Witnesses testified that several Albany policemen had engaged in organized burglaries of business places, some of which were directed by command officers. Two confessed burglars, one of them a former cop and another still on the force, described how policemen carried burglars' tools in their patrol cars, how some burglar-cops developed individual "specialties." Some men, they said, were so clumsy at the work that they acquired reputations as "crashers," "breakers" or "butchers." The more professional ones allegedly sought to avoid forced entry in order to reduce the chance of detection.

One witness described how on-duty, uniformed policemen conducted their night burglaries, armed with official weapons. "We were more worried about being apprehended by civilians than by cops," he explained, because if a civilian had caught them, "we would have had to . . . knock him out, or something." Police burglaries were so prevalent, he said, that whenever a burglary was reported on his beat, he would "look around the squad room and think, 'Who was in my

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territory last night?' My first reaction was I thought it was the police."

Many burglars operated quite openly; for example, allegedly cramming a squad car with six stolen bicycles. In one described incident, men from at least four patrol cars allegedly broke into a store that was directly across the street from the police station. Some cops apparently went so far as to jack up parked autos to steal the tires.

¶An even larger number of officers were alleged to have committed regular thefts from city parking meters, some of them scooping out as much as $280 apiece on a single collection day.

One policeman testified that whenever he went to rob a meter and found it empty, he immediately suspected "poachers"—cops from bordering territories. He recalled that a "morale problem" had developed when the meter detail learned that some of their brother officers were withholding part of the take for themselves, instead of dividing it up equally.

¶One of the city's best-known pushers and pimps testified that he had systematically paid Albany policemen several hundred dollars a week in prostitution payoffs. He said the demands eventually became so large that he was "forced" to enter the more lucrative narcotics business. Meanwhile, one of his former prostitutes testified that she had needed to close down her brothel for several hours each week "just to pay off all the cops" who wanted money.

Questioned about all of this, Chief McArdle denied that he knew of any corruption whatsoever within the department. And when asked to describe the department's anti-corruption programs, he replied that "roll call" was the principal mechanism for finding out about police wrongdoing.

But the SIC testimony accounted for only part of the charges. Throughout the proceedings, the machine forces kept up a continual counterattack. Mayor Corning referred to Acting Commissioner Edward S. Silver (a former judge) as "Hi Ho Silver and his boys," saying of the SIC chief counsel: "he is a professional hatchet man who has done nothing else in his adult life but run lopsided investigations . . . a cop hater."

The machine established a "Truth Squad" that tried to poke holes in the state's testimony by releasing white papers and holding press conferences. Police attorneys were also highly successful at leaking strategic stories to carefully selected newsmen, some of the stories attempting to impeach a witness even before he had testified.

In several cases, the SIC presented unidentified witnesses to testify against the police. Each time the machine quickly leaked the witness' name to the media, often with information designed to discredit him. The city also brought suit against the SIC to force identification of an Albany police sergeant who had testified anonymously about police burglaries and thefts. After the sergeant was eventually exposed and forced to resign, the officers he had named as having organized the alleged thievery were kept on the force with full department support.

But the machine's primary efforts were concentrated on the SIC procedures. Throughout the proceedings, the city lawyers attacked the commission's denial of cross-examination, confrontation, disclosure and other features of a trial, which this was not, attacking the hearings as a "circus" and a "Star Chamber" proceeding.

Even before the hearings had ended, Mayor Corning told reporters that the investigation had "exonerated" the department from earlier charges of narcotics (dirty) graft. Therefore, he reasoned, the force was "the finest in the state." Corning also appealed to Governor Rockefeller to eliminate the commission's "un-American" operating procedures. He added that since the SIC was "unable to make a full investigation after two years, they [the Commissioners] should be disbanded and made to refund their salaries."

Equally predictable (for Albany) was the reaction of Corning's two mayoral opponents. Republican Carl E. Touhey responded to the hearings by saying that he wasn't "sure" that the department's high command "is what it should be." And the Independent candidate actually praised the police, telling a startled *New York Times* reporter: "The hearings could result in a breakdown of law and order, because if the average citizens hear that the police are doing these things, they might think they can go out and do them."

So too with the media's performance. By and large, journalists printed what they had been handed, allowing themselves to be manipulated by both sides, the SIC and machine alike.

In retrospect, the newspaper probe and the two-year state investigation it set in motion appear to have resulted in little significant improvement of the Albany police. Indeed, the whole affair may even have backfired against the department's critics. Although it has functioned since the Appalachin conference as New York State's primary anti-corruption agency, the SIC may soon face drastic overhauling, or perhaps even dissolution. Many of its recent witnesses now find it extremely hard to get employment, and some have suffered permanent disgrace for what they said.

Meanwhile, the Police Department continues to operate as it always has done. Its ranks remain intact, no commanders have been replaced. All of the remaining officers who figured prominently in the corruption charges continue on duty, and some have even gained promotions. Perhaps the major effect of the newspaper stories has been an enlargement of the police force from 240 to about 395 men—an outgrowth which some have found not particularly comforting.

Still unexplained is how Albany can go on as it does. Dan O'Connell's was not the first political machine here—in fact, it ascended to power as a "reform" movement against an earlier Republican one. Neither is it the only political machine in the Capital District: many of the surrounding towns have been controlled by Republican machines for almost as long, perhaps longer. Somewhat more shabby, perhaps, and a little more wobbly in the axles, the machine nevertheless keeps rolling. The mistake the SIC made was that it tried merely to put a spoke in one of its wheels, instead of concentrating on the engine. □

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'BEHAVIOR MODIFICATION'

The Case of the Frightened Convict

CLAY STEINMAN

Washington

September 25, 1973. Eddie Sanchez, a prisoner at the Marion, Ill., federal penitentiary with a history of attempted suicide wrote his lawyer:

> This morning when I woke up to get my breakfast the attached razor blade was sitting on my bars. It was not there when I went to bed and no one but officials come on the tier during the midnight shift. I guess [Warden George W.] Pickett was hoping I'd use it. . . .

At the time, Sanchez was in a segregation unit. He had no physical contact with other prisoners. When he shaved he was given a locked razor. His incoming mail was inspected; outgoing letters to his lawyers, according to regulations, passed through unopened. I saw the razor blade attached to his letter. He wrote: "There is no way I could have got this razor blade other than from a pig."

October 2, 1973. Sanchez wrote again to his lawyer at the National Prison Project:

> As of tomorrow I will cease to eat any open food on the food cart. I am not protesting. I will eat store items or sealed packages of food like cold cereals or milk. But no food like potatoes, vegetables, meat, desserts, etc. The [attached] pieces of razor blades . . . were found in my cake tonight. The pigs serve our trays individually, no inmate helps. If I had swallowed this it could have killed me. . . .
>
> I don't know why, but evidently the pigs want me dead. Just how much heat have I put on these people that they want me dead? . . . What is the pigs' next step? This is the second try on me. . . . Is it just retaliation for [my opposition to] START?

START (Special Treatment and Rehabilitative Training) was begun at the Medical Center for Federal Prisoners in Springfield, Mo., in September 1972, with Sanchez among the first of the involuntary participants. As prison officials explain it, START inmates are selected from among prisoners who can't function according to prison guidelines and within an inmate population. They fight, are abusive, perhaps appear suicidal. They don't take orders well, and are not sufficiently passive to suit the guards. They've been given all the chances to adapt to prison life that the Bureau of Prisons has to offer. "START," the authorities say, "is the last resort." In the view of Colin Frank, assistant administrator of mental health services for the bureau: "We have to provide an alternative to merely segregating a prisoner for years and years, no matter how disruptive the guy is. It's a humanitarian obligation of ours."

This obligation is supposedly met by what's technically called a "behavior modification" approach. Like children, who must be taught to stand quietly in lines and not talk back to teachers or punch their peers—or like monkeys taught simple tasks—the inmates in START are drilled to be good prisoners through a multi-level system of privileges. When a man enters the program, at Level I, he is allowed two hours of yard exercise per week, two showers and changes of clothing per week, no personal property, no library books or magazines, almost no contact with other inmates. If he behaves, he gradually receives more privileges, is allowed to work and can interact with other prisoners. At the top level, he is supposedly ready to return to the general prison population. One rises through the levels by being neat, clean, obedient, nonargumentative and in general docile.

Critics of the program have charged that, assuming it works at all, the best it can do is make the participants good prisoners, condition them to conform to prison authority. They say it doesn't teach them how to function in the outside world and may have the opposite effect, since what's considered good prison behavior may be ill-adapted to conditions on the outside.

Officials at the Bureau of Prisons respond by saying that START isn't designed to make good citizens of the prisoners, but only to condition them to behave in an "acceptable manner" within the regular prison population. That accomplished, they can then take advantage of the rehabilitative programs available to nonsegregated prisoners.

But the critics also say that the program hasn't worked, that the closed system of START creates an environment wherein prison brutality can operate secretly at an even more ferocious level than prevails, they say, in the prison environment as a whole.

Since the salient aspect of the program is to reward behavior deemed good by the prison authorities, persons placed against their will in the dehumanizing Level I of START frequently rebel. While those on the outside may see compliance as the rational response, prisoners placed in a degrading, closed system—especially those already disposed to resist—often refuse to follow what would seem the most rational path.

If one resists, he remains at the lowest level; if one conforms, he moves up. That's how behavior modification works. START is a form of slavery with freedom a far-distant dream. Paradoxically, the only way to be free is to be a good slave. Prisoners who view the prison as an irrational institution, where the guards and the authorities are plainly out to get them, may think participation in slavery hardly seems the proper road to freedom. Resistance and rebellion may strike them as more appropriate.

According to eyewitnesses, resistance to START can mean the kind of punishment many of us outside thought had long been banished from federal institutions. Arpiar Saunders, a lawyer with the American Civil Liberties Union Foundation's National Prison Project, has visited

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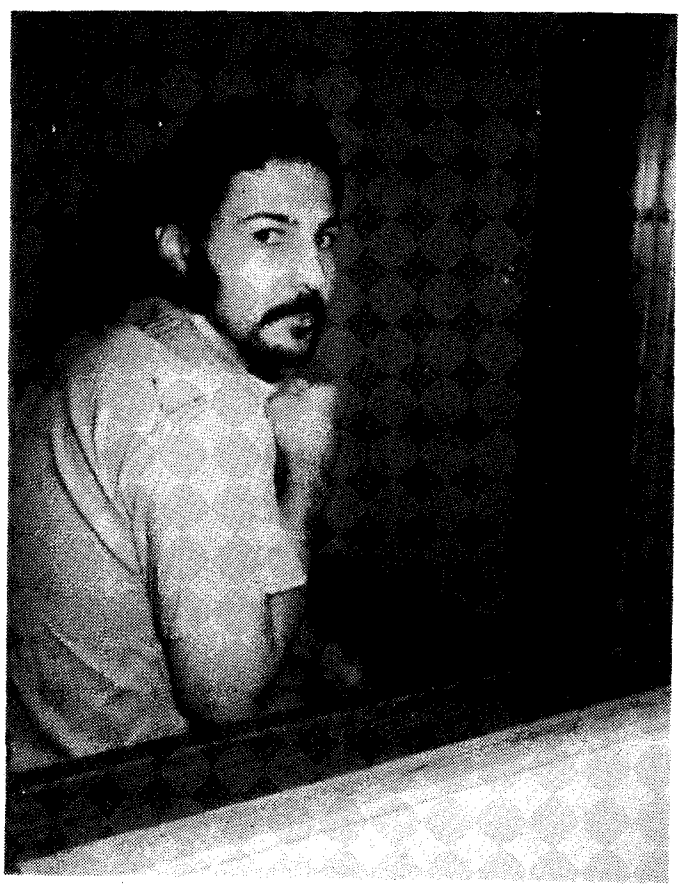
START and seen the conditions. He says he's seen a man shackled to his metal frame bed, shackled hand and foot and, according to the prisoner, forced to defecate on himself. He says he's seen prisoners with black eyes which they said they had received from guards for noncompliance. The guards told him the prisoners had knocked their heads against their cell walls but, according to Saunders, the prisoners had no accompanying facial marks indicative of self-inflicted injuries.

ACLU's Prison Project has filed a suit in the U.S. District Court in Kansas City, Mo. to terminate START. The eight plaintiffs—Sanchez is one of them—are all involuntary participants in START. They have sworn that noncompliant prisoners are often beaten, abused, doped up with thorazine, a powerful tranquilizer frequently used in mental hospitals. They desperately want the START program to end. As Sanchez put it in one of his letters:

> I wouldn't mind going through START if everyone in START were volunteers, but forcing people will only cause trouble because people will try to wreck the program, whereas volunteers, they would try to make it work. . . . The way they've got it now the person [forced into START] believes he could have been back in population in maybe a couple of more weeks. So he will automatically resent START. [With total compliance it takes a minimum of 202 days to move through START's levels and back into the general prison population.]

Colin Frank of the Bureau of Prisons says any abuses Saunders saw were "not matters of policy" but aberrations. He says START could not work as a voluntary program, because "these types of inmates are not going to volunteer for a program like START." After what was officially described as a careful review, the Bureau of Prisons decided last September to continue START.



Sanchez, Photographed Through the Security Window in the Visitors' Room

Eddie Sanchez, 24, first fell under state control when he was 4 years old. He was placed in a foster home after his mother was sent to prison for narcotics possession and his father for armed robbery. Following a series of conflicts and runaways from several foster homes, he was sent to various California correctional schools. In 1967, when he was 17, he was judged unable to adjust to such schools and sent to the state medical facility at Vacaville. There, according to institutional records, against his will and as a juvenile, he was subjected to what's called aversion therapy: he was given Anectine, a drug which paralyzes all the involuntary functions of the body for two minutes. Suffocation results, and those who have gone through it say there is nothing closer to experiencing death. (See "Prison Psychiatry: The Clockwork Cure" by Bernard Weiner, *The Nation*, April 3, 1972.) The Vacaville records say Sanchez was given the treatment eight times; the intent was to make him a more docile prisoner.

Sanchez is physically large and, according to medical opinions, his appearance is threatening to others. He was known to engage in numerous fights and he has hardly ever been docile. Yet psychiatrists have repeatedly examined him and pronounced him sane by conventional standards. In 1968, the records show, the doctors at Vacaville recommended lobotomy for Sanchez. Late that year, he somehow learned of their plans; so, in early 1969, to get himself out of California's control and into the custody of federal authorities, he wrote a letter threatening to kill President Nixon and mailed it to the Secret Service.

He was sentenced to five years in prison and sent to Springfield for psychiatric analysis. Deemed sane by the doctors' standards, he was transferred to the Federal Correctional Institution in Lompoc, Calif. At both facilities he compiled a record of hostile behavior toward other inmates and himself. While at Lompoc, in June 1970, his allegedly disruptive behavior landed him in solitary confinement—segregation, it's now called—without a judicial hearing. For the most part, that's where he has been ever since.

In August 1970, he was transferred to the U.S. Penitentiary on McNeil Island, off the coast of Seattle, and while there was briefly assigned a cell mate. The man was killed and Sanchez was charged with manslaughter, pleaded guilty and was sentenced to another ten years, to run concurrently with his original sentence. He stated later that he was being given daily thorazine injections when the killing occurred, and claims to remember nothing about his trial.

Sanchez was sent to Marion—considered one of the roughest prisons in the federal system—in July 1971. While there, he was evaluated psychiatrically on several occasions. According to one of the prison doctors, David C. Magaw, Sanchez's only major psychiatric problem—other than his inability to get along in prison—was a

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temporary "stimulus deprivation psychosis." According to Magaw, that means that "any time an individual who is completely normal is subjected to a situation where few external stimuli can reach him [such as being kept in segregation for a long time] he can show signs of psychoses."

In June 1972, Sanchez was selected for START. When it began in September he and six others of the initial twelve began to resist. They went on hunger strikes, refused to participate and were generally noncooperative toward the program's administrators. Sanchez also began writing letters almost daily to members of Congress who he thought would be sympathetic to his situation, primarily to Reps. B.F. Sisk (D., Calif.) and Charles B. Rangel (D., N.Y.) and to Sen. Edward W. Brooke (R., Mass.). Each of them wrote the Bureau of Prisons inquiring about the barbarities Sanchez said he had encountered; they received almost identical replies from Norman Carlson, director of the bureau, denying any mistreatment and defending START.

After about a month in START, Sanchez wrote the ACLU for help and his letter was turned over to its National Prison Project. He then began writing to Saunders at the project several times a week. His allegations were checked against letters from other START prisoners and personal inspection trips. When Sanchez decided to file suit against START, the project agreed to represent him and the other seven START litigants.

Sanchez's file of correspondence—he has been keeping a daily log and copies of all his letters since 1971—makes it clear that he's no crackpot. Many of his letters are sensitive and thoughtful and contain quite original analyses of why he and others like him are where they are. More than any other prisoner in START, Sanchez has been outspoken, critical and, most important, effective in arousing concern. When he asks, "Is it just retaliation for START?" his question at the least makes frightening sense.

Prisons are the dumping ground for those who, for one reason or another, refuse to conform their behavior to the American system of laws. In the last decade, with crime becoming a dominant issue in American political debate, many in power have come to recognize the obvious fact that, sooner or later, nearly all prisoners will be released. Critics of the American incarceration system—"correctional system" assumes something that's not necessarily there—charge that something like 80 per cent of those released will again run foul of the law. So the old "lock 'em up and throw away the key" idea has lost respectability and people have begun talking about correction and rehabilitation as if they were more than euphemisms.

Pressed by various demands for prison reform from all points on the political spectrum, administrators of the federal incarceration system have been looking for fast and effective ways to rehabilitate lawbreakers; START is just one example. In Butner, N.C., construction and planning continue for what will be called the Federal Center for Correctional Research. The physical plant alone will cost more than $13 million. The director, Dr. Martin Groder, told me the programs he is proposing for Butner will be genuinely concerned with preparing prisoners for effective lives in society. He says he will suggest to the Bureau of Prisons that the programs be voluntary and pledges that there will be no STARTs, no psychosurgery and no aversion reaction treatments.

Although Groder says that reports that Butner will become a center for incarcerational horrors are "total myths," critics fear that if his more benign programs fail, or if the bureau doesn't believe in them, duplicates of START and the psychosurgery and psychiatric chemotherapy of Vacaville will be put to work elsewhere.

It's a fear that Sanchez shares. Talking about START, he says: "This program is doomed to failure and Mr. Carlson knows it. He just wants an excuse to keep people in 'holes' until they go crazy or commit suicide. But right now he has a lot of pressure on him, so he starts this program and purposely puts faults in this program such as involuntary placement in START. . . . And he does this knowing the prisoners will rebel and then he will act like a kind old person and say 'I tried.' "

Those who, like Groder, constitute the liberal wing of the incarceration system (Colin Frank said to me: "I'm for a minimum of two hours of exercise a week and that makes me a liberal here.") say they are for experimenting with programs, but against experimenting with prisoners. It's a fine distinction that may contain no difference.

A quick demographic study of the federal incarceration system reveals that there's a definite class basis to the federal system of law and justice. According to the most recent bureau figures, only slightly more than half of the 23,000 federal prisoners are white and just less than two-thirds never finished high school. Knowing that, one may suspect that the law and the incarceration system combine to function as an institution of social control over poor and working-class people who fall or are tempted to fall out of line. Groder himself says his plans are that the correctional research programs at Butner won't involve white-collar criminals. "They almost certainly never come back," he says.

In that light, both the government's scratching around for solutions to the crime problem and START itself take on a definite political color. When the privileged talk about START participants, by and large they can be sure that they're talking about "them" and not "us."

What's more, the entire approach of the bureau—even of its more "enlightened" proposals—ignores the fact that crime doesn't occur in a socio-economic vacuum. Unless one is willing to say, for example, that black people on the whole are more given to crime than whites, one has to admit that the conditions under which most blacks live are more conducive to crime than those under which the majority of white people live. None of the current proposals get at that. To be sure, there's some talk in the various commission reports to the effect that the government must attack the "root causes" of crime, just as the Kerner Report talked about attacking the "root causes" of racism. But, as yet, it's talk, because changing the total environment requires a commitment of energy and money —even redistribution of wealth—that neither the Administration nor the Congress is willing to tackle. It's much easier and cheaper to experiment with prisoners or programs, cloaking the basic "they're bad, so if we can change

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them they'll be good in the way we are" rhetoric in psychological terms.

Thus, when someone like Sanchez speaks out to expose one of the government's pet projects, he is spotted as a threat to those who administer the federal incarceration system.

Alvin J. Bronstein, director of the National Prison Project, says of START: "The methods employed have the effect of destroying individuals; in the sense that they destroy privacy, they dehumanize and depersonalize." He says Sanchez's situation is atypical "only in the particular way it manifests itself—i.e., there is no evidence that many prisoners find razor blades on their cell bars or in their food. In other cases, this destruction manifests itself differently: loss of life, beatings, transferral from one prison to another. There's a pervading sense of fear among all those who are fighting back—and among those who are not. In a system that's secret, arbitrary and capricious, the keepers use fear to control the situation and the prisoners."

And Eddie Sanchez is afraid. In September, he was transferred out of START and back to Marion, in line with program regulations that "failures" be removed after a year. At a START suit hearing in April, Dr. Thomas Cornwall of the Springfield facility testified that if Sanchez is ever to get out of solitary and function in an inmate population he must be transferred to an institution where he has never been, where institutional prejudice against him would not exist. His lawyers have suggested that he be transferred to the penitentiary at Terre Haute, Ind.

But Warden Pickett at Marion says No. In a statement released by a prison spokesman, Pickett said there were no immediate plans to transfer Sanchez, "but we will continue working with him in an effort to bring him out of the control unit with possible consideration for transfer to Terre Haute."

The spokesman, Glen Hendrickson, said no investigation had been made of Sanchez's accusations involving the razor blades, because Sanchez hasn't complained about them to prison authorities. He said that, although theoretically there was no way for Sanchez to obtain legitimately the razor blades he enclosed in his letters to Saunders, "other razor blades have been found in the unit at times. It's conceivable that material like that got into the unit."

Since the razor-blade reports, Sanchez has begun eating prison food again. He says he had to, because he developed a fever and mouth infection. Henrickson suggested that the resumption of eating casts doubt on the credibility of Sanchez's accusations.

Sanchez has also been transferred out of segregation into a "boxcar cell," the kind watchers of old prison films would recognize as "the hole." According to a prison report, he was sent there for tearing up part of the unit. Sanchez says he created the fracas because he had been denied medical attention for his infection, which he says was treated by a dentist shortly after the incident.

In any case, Sanchez says he's still afraid. In a recent letter to Saunders, he wrote:

> They transferred me here because they had plans all along for me. And everyone knew it. The bureau always gets back at those who resist and choose to speak out. It is their way of discouraging others from doing the same. Just like if I die mysteriously the convicts will know what really happened, but no one outside will be able to do anything about it. They will probably write a book to make money off my death like George Jackson. Give the power sign using my name. Make me a martyr for the cause, etc. But that won't do me no good. . . . It won't raise me from the grave, it won't give me the freedom denied me all my life. It won't change the facts that people refused help that could have saved my life due to disbelief or faith in the system not hurting their wards.
>
> My statement is if I die it will not be a suicide, it will be a murder. And a lot of people know what is going on. I sent a letter Sept. 25th and Oct. 2nd that would prove it with the exhibits of definite attempts on my life by the officials. . . .

So Eddie Sanchez waits, believing that "sooner or later the pigs will kill me or set me up. Once a guy causes all kinds of trouble, especially with Congressmen, Senators, courts and lawyers, he is killed or set up the minute the heat is off the administration."

If he serves his full term, Sanchez could be waiting for the next seven years. □

QUICKSANDS OF ULSTER

ANDREW BOYD

Belfast

James Callaghan, who was Britain's Home Secretary until June 1970, has revealed in his *A House Divided* (Collins, London) that the Labour government in which he was a minister would have done almost anything to avoid direct involvement in Northern Ireland. He has recorded that in the summer of 1969, when the crisis in Northern Ireland was moving toward the outbreak of violence that came in August, he and his colleagues at Whitehall were "debating" whether they should intervene, but "hoping and praying" they might not. From all sides, writes Callaghan, the advice he was given was "on no account get sucked into the Irish bog." But inevitably the British were sucked in, and today there seems no possible way for them to withdraw without leaving behind a chaos worse than Katanga and a civil war that would spread throughout all Ireland and to Britain as well. Already with the planting of fire bombs and explosives in London stores, in the Stock Exchange and even in the vaults of the Bank of England, the violence has spread.

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Strange to say, little notice has been taken of the similarity between the recent bombs in London and the unsuccessful terror campaign which the Irish Republican Army mounted in Britain at the beginning of World War II more than thirty years ago. That earlier campaign lasted eighteen months; it was defeated because those who directed it were imprisoned either in Britain or in Southern Ireland, where Eamon de Valera had declared the IRA an illegal organization.

But neither imprisonment, nor illegality, nor defeat in campaigns seems to impair the Irish Republicans. When one generation of the IRA passes on or tires of the revolutionary struggle there are recruits and volunteers from among the younger generations to fill the ranks. The more opportunities there are for excitement, the more intense the struggle for the all-Ireland Republic, the more the young recruits will be forthcoming. The violence in Northern Ireland since August 1969, but particularly since the deterioration of affairs in June 1970, has insured that the IRA has not lacked recruits. Many of the young people who have taken part in terrorist activities, who have been killed or wounded, interned in the prison camps of Northern Ireland, or sentenced to long terms of imprisonment for crimes ranging from mere membership of the IRA to murder and armed robbery, were just schoolchildren when James Callaghan and his colleagues were debating whether or not to intervene.

In August 1969 the causes of the Ulster conflict were easier to understand than they are today. They could have been traced back to 1920, when the British Government under Lloyd George decided that the only terms on which Ireland could have self-government were partition and the creation of a separate parliament and government for the mainly Protestant North. But partition gave the Ulster Unionists, the historic enemies of Irish nationalism and of the Catholics in Ireland, the power of government in six counties.

Thereafter, as Callaghan and many other British politicians have admitted, the British did not interfere in the internal affairs of Northern Ireland, even though the rule of the Unionists meant the denial of normal democratic rights to Northern Ireland's Catholic minority. During the fifty years from 1920 until 1969 the Catholics failed to convince the British, who despite the 1920 settlement remained the supreme authority in Northern Ireland, that their grievances merited investigation and redress. The British disregarded all complaints. They accepted the Unionists' assurances that the grievances were unfounded and that the Catholics were engaged in nothing less than a Republican-inspired propaganda campaign to discredit Ulster. Nevertheless, the pressure of the Northern Ireland civil rights movement, the increase in violence, and a growing international interest in Northern Ireland compelled the Labour government to intervene. In August Callaghan decided to send reinforcements of troops to Northern Ireland to prevent what looked like impending civil war. At the same time he issued a list of reforms which he hoped would satisfy the Catholics and be accepted and implemented by the Unionist government.

But the Unionists had no intention of implementing reforms that would, through time, give the Catholics of Ulster equal rights with the Protestants and so undermine the system of segregation that maintained the Unionist Party in power. In any case, most of the Unionists were convinced that the civil rights demands had been conceived by "the international Communist movement" in collusion with the IRA as a way to destroy Northern Ireland. It is perhaps worth noting that no British Government minister, Labour or Tory, has ever actually accepted the Communist conspiracy theory, but writers on British national security, several of whom have published books that refer to Northern Ireland, have advanced the view that the conflict there is one aspect of a worldwide Communist offensive against the Western democracies. Ian Grieg, in a recent book on subversion, propaganda, agitation and the spread of people's wars, believes that the IRA terror campaign in Northern Ireland fits into a worldwide pattern of such campaigns. Unfortunately, Mr. Grieg seems to be limited in his powers of political analysis. He fails to see, for example, that the atrocities of the Ulster Loyalists, who use exactly the same tactics as does the IRA, could also be classified as part of the international Communist conspiracy, if his line of reasoning were accepted. British propaganda ignores the activities of the Protestant terrorists and portrays the IRA as the only terrorists in Ulster, thus creating the impression that the IRA is the real enemy of British democracy and is linked with terror movements elsewhere. But such propaganda also completely ignores the part which the British themselves have played in creating the Northern Ireland conflict. Indeed it might be said that in some quarters what is happening in Northern Ireland is not entirely unwelcome. For example, Brigadier Frank Kitson, who has studied the tactics to be used in countering revolutionary subversion and guerrilla techniques, sees the experience being gained by the British Army in Ulster as potentially valuable if, in the latter half of the 1970s, there is social and political unrest in Britain itself.

Whatever plans Callaghan may have had for reforming Northern Ireland were nullified when Labour lost the general election in June 1970 and Edward Heath, the new Tory Prime Minister, installed Reginald Maudling as Minister of Home Affairs. Even Callaghan, who is not an uncharitable man, expresses the view that Maudling was useless when dealing with Northern Ireland. Callaghan had expected that Quintin Hogg, now Lord Chancellor of England, would have been made Home Secretary. Hogg himself expected the post, though he knew, and so possibly did Heath, that he was the last man the Ulster Unionists wanted to see in the Home Office.

When he was Opposition spokesman on Home affairs, Hogg had kept in very close touch with Callaghan about the Northern Ireland problem. He had visited Belfast in the autumn of 1969 and had seen the Loyal Unionists and Protestants attack the forces of the Crown. Hogg would hardly have allowed the Unionists to influence his decisions. Maudling, on the other hand, did. In fact Maudling made no decisions at all—under him, the Unionists decided what should be done. They dominated the Northern Ireland Security Council and that gave them direct control of the British Army in Ulster. They insisted, and to appease them Maudling agreed, on the resignation of

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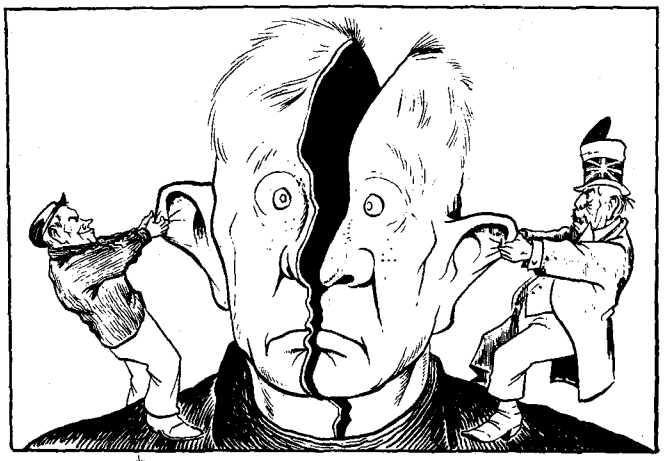
Sir Arthur Young, the eminent and experienced police officer whom Callaghan had placed in charge of the Ulster police. Young's job was to disarm and reform the Ulster police and to win back the good will of the Catholics. Maudling also condoned the army's policy of harassing the Catholic working class on the assumption that harassment would compel them to repudiate the IRA and drive active Republicans from the shelter of the



Vadillo, Siempre (Mexico)

Catholic ghettos. He ignored the threat of the rapidly arming Protestants who acquired more than 100,000 legally licensed guns with the approval of the Ulster police and the Unionist government.

The way was opened, under Maudling, for the Unionists and the British Army to mount a campaign of terrorizing and punishing the Catholics with a ferocity that had not been seen since the war for Irish national independence in the period from 1916 until 1923. Under Maudling, Brian Faulkner, an avowed enemy of the Ulster Catholics and of civil rights in general, became Prime Minister of Northern Ireland. In Faulkner's administration the internment camps were opened and hundreds of Catholics, Republicans and adherents to the civil rights movement were arrested, imprisoned and tortured.

The Protestants continued to stockpile their weapons. Thirteen young Catholic men were shot dead by the British Army during a civil rights demonstration in Derry on January 30, 1972, the Bloody Sunday Massacre. The IRA intensified its terror campaigns. Eventually in March 1972 Edward Heath, realizing that Faulkner's government meant unending violence and counterviolence, decided to abolish Stormont and impose direct rule from Westminster. Had Callaghan abolished Stormont in August 1969, when the Ulster Unionists were defeated both morally and politically; when they had not yet acquired firearms on a large scale or formed themselves into paramilitary organizations, such as the Ulster Defense Association; and when the IRA was in no position to mount a terror campaign, the situation would have been greatly improved. Indeed, the Northern Ireland Parliament and Government should have been abolished in 1968 when it became clear, with the resignation of Terence O'Neill from the Ulster premiership, that the intention of any government dominated by Unionists would be to obstruct and not, as Callaghan supposed, to accept and promote civil rights for Catholics. Callaghan was afraid of becoming closely involved in Northern Ireland. The very thought of direct rule, which would have made him solely responsible, must have been terrifying.

Both governments, Labour and Tory, had repeatedly stated that Stormont would be abolished and direct rule imposed only as "a last resort." And when he did impose direct rule, Heath was not quite sure what his next step should be. He must have been shocked when the IRA, motivated by a hatred of the British and not by any sound understanding of political strategy, rejected direct rule and decided that the campaign of terror would continue. They had put Stormont, stronghold of the enemies of the all-Ireland Republic, out of existence, yet they lacked the sense to claim it as a major political victory. The abolition of Stormont merely urged them to continue their campaign, in the belief that militarily they were winning and that Britain's next move would be the withdrawal of its army from Ulster.

William Whitelaw, whom Heath had appointed Secretary of State for Northern Ireland to take the place of both Maudling and the Faulkner government, tried to parley with the IRA, and in the summer of 1972 even went to the lengths of meeting the IRA leaders personally and making a truce with them. But there was little sincerity in that truce. Indeed, instead of easing off their activities once the bargain was made but before it came into effect, the IRA leaders, in order presumably to display their military prowess, instructed their followers in Northern Ireland to continue and indeed intensify their activities right up to the deadline. Several people lost their lives in that period between June 22 and June 26, 1972.

Three weeks later the truce was broken—by the British Army, said the IRA; by the IRA, said the British Army. The terror was renewed; more men and women were seized and interned, more innocent people lost their lives, the UDA, private army of the Protestant Loyalists, appeared masked and armed in the streets of Ulster—at least 50,000 of them, it was claimed. Worst of all, a campaign of assassination against individual and defenseless Catholics was mounted by Protestant gunmen organized in gangs that were later to take the name of Ulster Freedom Fighters. And what the British themselves were doing to counter the terror was revealed as almost as repulsive as the activities of the terrorists.

In the application of their military theories for dealing with subversion, the British sent out carloads of soldiers in plain clothes to shoot civilians in the streets. They set up bogus trading enterprises manned by what they called counter-terror units. They sent spies into the Republic of Ireland to infiltrate the IRA and subvert the Irish police. They exploded car bombs in Dublin. And in the infamous case of the Littlejohns, two brothers jailed for armed robbery in the Republic of Ireland, they employed known English criminals as agents, informers and spies.

The absence of any effective political policy for Northern Ireland has thus driven the British to increasingly dangerous stratagems. They have been, as Callaghan

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feared, sucked into an Irish bog, and are finding to their horror that it is not a bog at all; it is a malignant quicksand that has caused the deaths of nearly 1,000 people and maimed the lives of many thousands of others since August 1969.

The British had no sooner abolished Stormont than they realized that they had taken upon themselves the awful responsibility of trying to rule and reconcile two communities, the dominant Protestant majority and the Catholic minority, who for generations had lived in mutual hatred of each other. Before 1969 the situation had approximated peace, since the Protestants could, through the Unionist Party, the Orange Order and the Stormont Parliament, regard Northern Ireland as their exclusive territory and treat the Catholics in their midst as aliens who had the choice of either succumbing to the overlordship of Protestants or being treated as enemies of the state. The Protestants lived in constant fear of one day having their power taken away and of being themselves forced to live as a minority under an all-Ireland Government. And despite endlessly repeated assurances that London would not try to force them into such a union against their will, they developed the suspicion, on a mass scale, that the British, the Republic of Ireland and the Catholics in the North were all combined in a long-term plan to eliminate Ulster. They now say that they are ready to rise in rebellion against any government whose aim is to force them into a united Ireland.

The British, desperately searching for a compromise that would enable them to restore regional government in Northern Ireland and at the same time convince the Catholic minority that their civil rights would be guaranteed through a system of power sharing, reformed the whole structure of municipal government, which under the Unionists had been corrupted in the interests of the Protestants. They imposed a system of proportional representation in all elections, hoping that this would encourage whatever moderates there were among the Ulster politicians. They issued plans for the election of a Northern Ireland Assembly to replace the abolished Parliament, and for an Assembly Executive which would be proportionally representative of the parties elected. But proportional representation, despite the predications of the optimists, did not encourage the moderates; it merely reflected the deep divisions in Northern Ireland's two-thirds Protestant and one-third Catholic distribution of population. There were not enough moderates among the electorate to elect moderate politicians. Despite a press and television campaign to explain to people how they were to use their vote under P.R., the Catholics in the main voted for Catholic candidates and the Protestants for Loyalist-Protestant-Unionist candidates. This was evident at the municipal elections in May. It was again evident when the Assembly elections were completed in June. The Catholics voted for the Social Democratic and Labour Party, which won nineteen seats, and also for the moderately led Alliance Party, which got eight seats. The official Unionist Party which had more or less agreed to Britain's scheme of power sharing got twenty-one seats. But the largest group returned to the Assembly was an alliance of Protestant militants whose common aim was to make the Assembly unworkable, reject power sharing with the Catholics, and prevent the creation of a Council of Ireland on which the Northern politicians would be expected to work with Dublin toward the harmonization of relations between Northern Ireland and the Republic of Ireland.

The militant Protestants suspect all schemes for the improvement of relations between Catholics and Protestants within Northern Ireland and for the improvement of relations between Northern Ireland and the Republic. They have said that if Northern Ireland is not to remain part of the United Kingdom, with the Parliament and government that had been established in 1920 restored to their full powers, there will have to be a "unilateral declaration of independence" under which Northern Ireland would set itself up as an independent dominion with its own government. It has been shown that the economic, social, political and military consequences of such a UDI would be disastrous for all the people of Northern Ireland, but these consequences the Protestant militants are apparently willing to accept. They will accept almost anything but friendship with Irish Catholics.

In Northern Ireland today the British are, therefore, faced with a number of conflicting problems. There is the continuing terror of the IRA, and the counter-terror of the Protestant assassins. There is widespread and rapidly increasing lawlessness, the complete refusal of the Catholics to accept the Royal Ulster Constabulary which they still regard as the strong arm of the Ulster Unionists, and the standing threat of the Protestant private armies. In the midst of this the British seek to minimize their political commitment in Northern Ireland, withdraw as far as they can from direct involvement, and return the responsibility for governing Northern Ireland to an Assembly of what are largely incompetent and mutually antagonistic local politicians. They have been threatening that if the Assembly cannot be made to work, then Britain will have to "reconsider its role in Northern Ireland." No one ever says exactly what reconsidering the British role in Northern Ireland means.

And so the situation in Northern Ireland is worse today than it has been at any time since August 1969. The British claim that they have defeated the IRA and list the number of weapons seized, the amount of explosive materials unearthed, the number of prisoners behind bars, and the fall in the incidence of terror acts as proof of their success. The IRA, in turn, say that it will continue its terror campaign until the British release all their political prisoners and announce their intention of withdrawing from Northern Ireland within a stated period of time. There may come a time, sooner or later and particularly if the Northern Ireland Assembly is made unworkable, when the British will capitulate to the IRA and leave the Irish to settle their own ancient quarrels whatever way they like. The British were advised to do just that—and by some of their own politicians—way back in 1886. If they withdraw, the troubles for Ireland will be only beginning. Terence O'Neill, who was Prime Minister of Northern Ireland from 1963 until 1969, has predicted that, if civil war comes to Ireland, the Protestants will be initially successful—but eventually the Republicans would win. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Country Mice or City Mice—the Cat Doesn't Care

THE COUNTRY AND THE CITY. *By Raymond Williams. Oxford University Press. 335 pp. $9.75.*

ROBERT HATCH

With the distant aim in view of appealing to his readers that they break out of the frame of capitalism which has shaped their images of the past, governed their value systems and defined their possibilities, Raymond Williams has undertaken in this book a critical history of English literature from a stimulatingly original point of view. After a backward glance at classic pastoral, he scans the development of English verse and prose from the 16th century to Wells and Lawrence and Orwell, to the detective story and science fiction—always holding to the line of how these men and women saw, responded to and shaped for others the dominant characteristics of country and city, and the relationship between them.

It is an enormous and intricate tapestry, and because what was memorialized did not always, or even usually, correspond to what was there, Williams must on occasion break his literary narrative to supply his own corrective social history. The country, of course, has amassed the longer record, and—with its evocations of golden ages and latter-day Edens, its associations with virtue, peace and independence—is subject to the greater correction. Because, though Crabbe could write in 1783,

> *Ye gentle souls, who dream of rural ease,*
> *Whom the smooth stream and smoother sonnet please;*
> *Go! if the peaceful cot your praises share,*
> *Go look within, and ask if peace be there,*

one has only to ask how many cots Jane Austen looked within to recognize that some adjustment is appropriate. And though George Eliot's awareness of social conditions was strongly developed, Williams devotes several provocative paragraphs to the problems encountered when the idiom of the writer is not that of her characters, his conclusion being that, "though George Eliot restores the real inhabitants of rural England to their places in what had been a socially selective landscape, she does not get much further than restoring them *as a landscape*."

By and large, and with wide variations of selectivity and bias, writers have embraced the country—praising the fields (less often the field hands) for their fruits, or the wild land for its capacity of physical and spiritual improvement. Toward the city, their attitude has been more ambiguous—it both fascinates and repels them. And in the case of novelists, who more than poets are the city's chroniclers, it required the invention of new strategies. In the country, community and relationships are evident; people congregate and inevitably work upon one another. Cities, it is obvious, are both larger and denser congregations, but the level of recognition is much lower. The image of stream or tide, with the individual carried along willy-nilly, avoiding contact as best he can and at the same time lonely and confused, appears early and remains with us. "As we stand and look back at a Dickens novel the general movement we remember—the characteristic movement—is a hurrying seemingly random passing of men and women, each heard in some fixed phrase, seen in some fixed expression. . . . Nor often in the ordinary way do they speak to each other. They speak at or past each other, each intent above all on defining through his words his own identity and reality. . . ."

It follows, then, that the "creation of consciousness—of recognition and relationships—can be seen as the purpose of Dickens' developed fiction. The need for it is at the centre of his social and personal vision. . . ." And summing up for Dickens, as for many others who came after him, Williams observes that the full extent of his genius can be realized only "when we see that for him, in the experience of the city, so much that was important, and even decisive, could not be simply known or simply communicated, but had . . . to be revealed, to be forced into consciousness. And it would then be possible to set up a contrast between the fiction of the city and the fiction of the country. In the city kind, experience and community would be essentially opaque; in the country kind, essentially transparent."

I shall not attempt to oversee and appraise the close-grained and perceptive chapters in which Williams traces the subtle ways whereby generations of writers shaped the two worlds—city and country—into which we assume our society has divided itself. To be candid, a close examination of his analysis of this process would require greater scholarship than I command. But the thrust of his argument becomes ever clearer as he moves toward our own time. It is that we are mistaken when we assume that the rural and urban ways of life are intrinsically different and essentially opposed. From the start, and increasingly with time, both worlds have been governed by the will of a minority, by the priorities of capitalism. Only by failing to see this can we cling to the familiar antitheses: the country as innocence and health and self-reliance; the city as corruption and disease and coercion. Or conversely, the country as ignorance, the city as light; the rural past, the urban promise. To persist in this bifocal view creates tension and inhibits change, and is especially pernicious in an age when the opposition has been internationalized, the developed West being seen as metropolitan and the Third World as rustic—underdeveloped.

That mankind has reached a point of global crisis is very much in the air, and reform is called for on all sides. But Williams is impatient of reform since, in his view, it is always projected within the structure of minority power and adjusted to the requirements of money narrowly held. Attempts are made to bring urban amenities to the country and the rural virtues of space and community to the city, but at bottom country and city are two sides of a coin: "I have heard a defense of Covent Garden, against plans for development, which repeated in almost every particular the defense of the commons in the period of parliamentary enclosures." And summing up: "Looking back . . . on the English history, and especially on its culmination in imperialism, I can see in this process of the altering relations of country and city the driving force of a mode of production which has indeed transformed the world. I am then very willing to see the city as capitalism . . . if I can say also that this mode of production began, specifically, in the English rural economy, and produced, there, many of the characteristic effects—increases of production, physical reordering of a totally available world, displacement of customary settlements, a human remnant and force which became a proletariat—which have since been seen, in many

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extending forms, in cities and colonies and in the international system as a whole. . . . What the oil companies do, what the mining companies do, is what the landlords did, what the plantation owners did and do."

On that basis, reform offers small promise. Planning—local, national, global—is a much-pressed study, but who will the planners be? The long-developing division between city and country has involved us in a series of subsidiary divisions: "work and leisure, or society and the individual, or city and country, not only in our minds but in suburbs and garden cities, town houses and country cottages, the week and the weekend." We are, in short, divided beings, enduring a present while we dream of a past and yearn for a future. The true choice, says Williams, is not between city and country, but in recognizing that "we live in a world in which the dominant mode of production and social relationships teaches, impresses, offers to make normal and even rigid, modes of detached, separated, external perception and action: modes of using and consuming rather than accepting and enjoying people and things." What we require, to save ourselves, is "the perception and affirmation of a world in which one is not necessarily a stranger and an agent, but can be a member, a discoverer, in a shared source of life."

That is a liberating insight into the nature of our present crisis. We endure city ways and escape to the country, both physically (I have been reading Williams in a somewhat remote house overlooking the sea) and in our projection of what a satisfactory style of life might be. Modern man dreams of golden pasts, but as Williams shows from poems and legends and outbursts of bitter protest, man has been doing so for centuries.

We attempt to relieve the resultant tension by reform, planning, conservation, but it does not work because, in Williams' view, we address ourselves to images rather than agencies. "We have really to look, in country and city alike, at the real social processes of alienation, separation, externality, abstraction. And we have to do this not only critically . . . but substantially, by affirming the experiences which in many millions of lives are discovered and rediscovered, very often under pressure: experiences of directness, connection, mutuality, sharing, which alone can define, in the end, what the real deformation may be."

To this point he takes us on a fresh-eyed journey through the literature that has largely shaped our understanding of ourselves as a people. He takes us, as it were, to the threshold of a new start; I do not think he takes us over it. Williams tell us that "the active powers of minority capital, in all its possible forms, are our most active enemies, and that they will have to be not just persuaded but defeated and superseded." But Williams then grows hortatory and imprecisely optimistic. He speaks of a "collectively responsible society." He says that the city will not save the country nor the country the city, but that rather "the long struggle within will become a general struggle." But how is all this to come about? There is, for example, no answer in the Russian experience. "Look at socialism and communism: historically the enemies of capitalism, but in detail and often in principle, in matters of the country and the city, continuing and even intensifying some of the same fundamental processes." He does note that Engels wrote of "socialism as 'abolishing' the contrast between town and country," says that this "extraordinary emphasis" was later lost, but is now being revived, both as policy in China and among Western revolutionary Socialists.

One prepares for the fusion by recognizing that the "division and opposition of city and country, industry and agriculture, in their modern forms, are the critical culmination of the division and specialization of labour which, though it did not begin with capitalism, was developed under it to an extraordinary and transforming degree. Other forms of the same fundamental division are the separation between mental and manual labour, between administration and operation, between politics and social life." From these distinctions have arisen the idea and practice of social classes; definitions of work and education; temporal organization of the day, the week, the year, the lifetime. All this is now to be remedied by "new forms of decision-making, new kinds of education, new definitions and practices of work, new kinds of settlement and land-use." One feels the need of specifics, but they are not provided.

Perhaps it is premature to ask. "All the conventional possibilities," says Williams, "are again being questioned. Other kinds of social response and social analysis have worked their way through, until in often confused and still unfinished forms they hold a certain initiative. . . . The position in ideas is again quite open, ironically at the very time when the practical pressures are almost overwhelming." Thus *The Country and the City* ends in the mode of a cliff hanger—can the peoples of this century heal the rift that has held them vacillating between nostalgia and piecemeal reform; can they by imagination and resolution create a new unified society before the possibility of survival itself is lost? Williams says that he offers his inquiry into the country and the city "for discussion and amendment; for many kinds of possible cooperative work; but above all for an emphasis—the sense of an experience and of ways of changing it—in the many countries and cities where we live." And he has offered it in the form of a literary history that itself opens a new path through the centuries of English letters. □

Long Shadows of the Biafran War

CHARLES R. LARSON

In January of 1966, just days before the first coup in Nigeria that evolved the following year into the Nigerian civil war, Chinua Achebe published his fourth and latest novel, *A Man of the People*. In that novel, Achebe, who is certainly the most significant Anglophone novelist in tropical Africa, predicted much of what was about to happen to Africa's most populous nation: the politicians had become so corrupt that there would be a coup, followed by a counter-coup, and the military would take over. That is exactly what happened, except that things went further than Achebe predicted in his novel. When the military government failed to enforce any form of justice within the country, one of the major tribes (the Ibo) seceded, and that act led to the bloodiest war that modern Africa has known, dragging on for nearly three years and claiming more than a million lives. Now, three years after the end of the Biafran war, Achebe, an Ibo, has begun to pick up the pieces of his shattered life and take up again his literary career.

Before the civil war, Nigeria was experiencing a kind of literary renaissance. Of all the countries in tropical Africa, without a doubt Nigeria dominated the literary scene. In a fifteen-year period, beginning in 1952 with the publication of Amos Tutuola's *The Palm-Wine Drinkard*, half a dozen writers of im-

Charles Larson is associate professor of literature at American University. He is the author of The Emergence of African Fiction (*Indiana University Press*).

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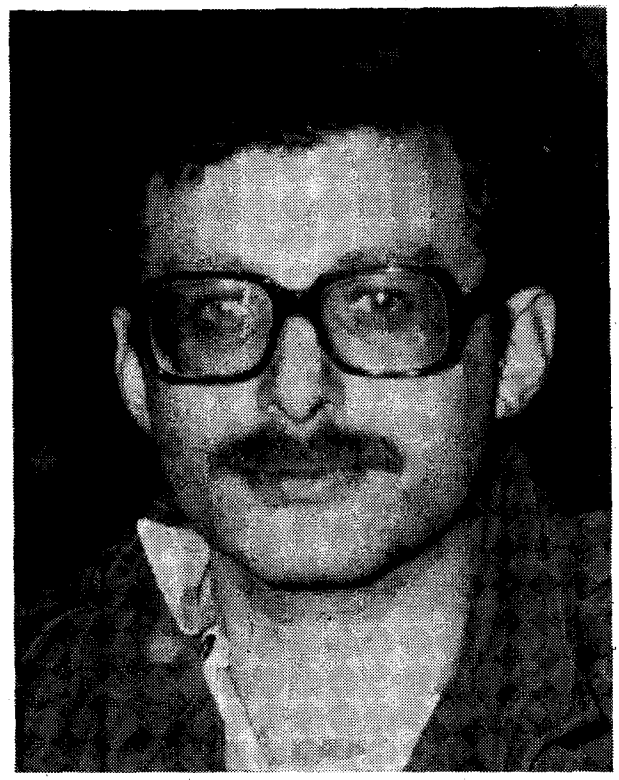
"Whatever happened to Lew Simon when he got out of the Army?"

He didn't.



Spec/4 LEW SIMON U.S. Army
Queens, New York
APO Address: Stockholm, Sweden

In March, 1968, Lew was faced with the most difficult decision of his young life; either be shipped to Vietnam or to refuse further military service. At Ft. Devens he heard about Vietnam from combat veterans; body-counting, the smack epidemic, and the rest. Also, he heard the protests of the anti-war Congressmen and saw peace demonstrations on TV.

Lew made his choice—rather than participate in the destructions of Vietnam, he went to Sweden. He's been there for five long years now, isolated from family, home, and friends. There are a million Americans who, like Lew need amnesty. Nearly 100,000 men per year deserted the military between 1966-1972.

It is a cruel paradox that at a time when the overwhelming majority of the American people have rejected the Vietnam war and when popular disgust with the corruption of the Nixon administration heightens daily, one million young men continue to be denied what they deserve, a just amnesty for their acts of resistance.

The SAFE RETURN Amnesty Committee is a national organization committed to winning a universal, unconditional amnesty for *all* categories of war resisters. SAFE RETURN is also assisting the formation of FORA, Families of Resisters for Amnesty – a locally-based network of committees, composed solely of resisters' family members. In the coming months, both committees will launch a national campaign to dramatize the demand and need for amnesty.

Amnesty Info? WRITE

SAFE RETURN Amnesty Committee
156 Fifth Ave., Suite 1003,
New York, N.Y. 10010

name _____ I'm a family member of a resister _____

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phone _____ FUNDS urgently needed!
Checks payable: SAFE RETURN

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pressive talents emerged: Amos Tutuola, Chinua Achebe, Wole Soyinka, Christopher Okigbo, John Pepper Clark and Cyprian Ekwensi. More than a dozen other writers published promising first works. Nigeria's rising literacy rate helped create such favorable times. It was beginning to appear as if Nigeria's dominance in the literary arts would never be eclipsed. Then the war came. Christopher Okigbo was killed in one of the earliest battles, fighting for Biafra. Wole Soyinka, a Yoruba, and technically on the winning side, was imprisoned for twenty-seven months for alleged (but never proven) political activities aiding the Biafran rebels. Chinua Achebe and Cyprian Ekwensi spent much time outside of Africa, trying to rally support for the Biafran cause.

When the war ended, those who follow the African literary scene expected that there would soon be a rash of works depicting life in Nigeria during the holocaust. Besides being prolific, many of the country's writers had been severe social critics during Nigeria's troubled times. Achebe was not alone here. Ekwensi, too, had written about crime and political corruption in the big cities, and his most recent novel (*Iska*, 1966) had also described a military coup. Wole Soyinka, the most versatile of these writers, had long satirized his country's political institutions and Africa's more flamboyant political leaders. But the arts have been slow to make any recovery, for Nigeria, it now appears, may never fully recover from the Biafran debacle.

True, there have been a number of works published since the war, but most of them have been second rate. The first of these by an Ibo, *Behind the Rising Sun*, a novel by S. Okechuku Mezu, is a *roman à clef*, of more interest to historians of the war than to students of literature. It focuses upon a group of Ibos in Europe during the war, trying to raise money to buy armaments for the troops in Biafra. A second novel —undoubtedly the most absurd that will ever be written about the war—is by a Kenyan political scientist, Ali A. Mazrui. The work, called *The Trial of Christopher Okigbo*, takes place in "After-Africa" and reads more like a war-trials record penned by a court stenographer than a work of fiction.

Only Wole Soyinka, of all the established writers, has contributed significantly to the body of Nigerian writing—an ironic situation because he is the one we might suspect would be the least involved with the war and its aftermath. In his only published play since the cessation of the fighting, *Madmen and Specialists*, Soyinka depicts postwar Nigeria as a police state run by bloodthirsty cannibals, set on devouring all whose political beliefs dare to differ from their own. Sour grapes, his rivals will say, for being detained all those months in prison. Those months in jail, however, Soyinka turned into a courageous act of defiance against the authorities, surreptitiously writing plays, poetry and novels *between the lines* of a handful of books smuggled in to him. An account of those months, *The Man Died*, was just published recently (see Larson: *The Nation*, November 5); it is a brilliant piece of political raving, personal narrative and satirical attack on General Gowon's military rule over Nigeria, certain to win Soyinka as many enemies as friends. Soyinka, however, never saw the fighting during the war as Achebe did, flying in and out of the Uli airstrip during the most intense fighting. It is Achebe people have looked to, expecting that he would be the one to get the whole horrendous war experience down on paper once and for all. Eventually he may do so, but this is certainly not true of the two books he has published since the collapse of Biafra, *Beware Soul Brother* and *Girls at War*. Both may be fairly regarded as holding actions, provisional narratives that one hopes will eventually serve him as stepping stones and lead him back to writing significant novels.

In an interview with him that appeared in *Transition* during the civil war, Achebe said that he had temporarily stopped writing:

> I was writing something which suddenly seemed irrelevant to me. What seemed important to me at the time as a subject for a novel seemed unimportant compared with what was happening. . . . I have tried to do little things, like poems.

The poems, collected under the title *Beware Soul Brother*, were published in Nigeria the year after the war, in 1971, and have recently appeared in English and American editions.

Although a number of the poems deal directly with the war, the majority do not. Of those that do, "Christmas in Biafra" (the title his American publishers have given to the volume), is the most successful in capturing an image of the horror of war juxtaposed with the Christian holiday.

To death-cells
of that moment came faraway sounds
of other
men's carols floating on crackling waves
mocking us.

The nuns at the hospital had set up a manger complete with a "rose-cheeked" Christ child and

one
of the magi in keeping with the legend
a black Othello in sumptuous robes.

There is something incongruous about this Christmas in the midst of a war—just as the token black magus serves as a reminder that once again black people's lives are being manipulated by the Christian nations of Europe. Nor does Christianity fare any better in another poem called "Non-Commitment" which concludes,

that other fellow
Judas wasn't such a fool
either; though much maligned by
succeeding generations the fact remains
he alone in that motley crowd
had sense enough to tell a doomed
movement when he saw one
and get out quick, a nice little
packet bulging his coat-pocket
into the bargain—sensible fellow.

I have quoted passages from these two poems because they illustrate Achebe at the bitterest point of his career, writing terse statements about the war and its aftermath, confronting a kind of double realization. Not only did Biafra lose, but the war now clearly appears to be one that the European superpowers carried on by proxy in Nigeria. (All of this becomes especially eerie when one remembers that David Caute predicted exactly this kind of African war, that is, one fought by proxy, in his novel, *Decline of the West*, also published in 1966.) Achebe says this even more directly in another poem called "Air Raid,"

the bird of death
from evil forests of Soviet technology.

The war exhausted Achebe, exhausted his emotions. John de St. Jorre's description of him in the last few pages of his book, *The Brothers' War*, presents just such a picture: "Sitting beside me . . . is Chinua Achebe, the novelist. He is a fine and gentle person, but now deeply embittered by the war for which he blames Britain as much as the Nigerians." As Achebe says of his postwar existence in another poem,

After a war life catches
desperately at passing
hints of normalcy like
vines entwining a hollow
twig. . .

Achebe's collection of thirteen short stories, *Girls at War*, will help keep his name before the public, but it will do little to advance his reputation as a writer. Nine of the stories were written before the war—a number of them as long ago as 1950, when Achebe was a student at Ibadan University. These earliest stories (they might more correctly be called sketches) appeared in *The University Herald* eight years before the publication of Achebe's first novel, his masterpiece, *Things Fall*

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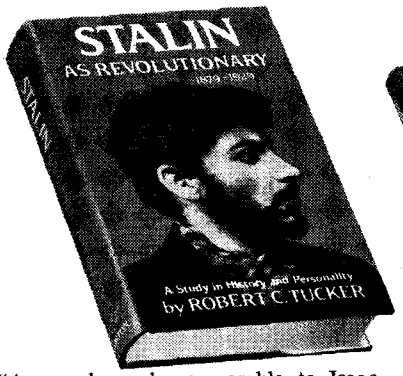
Apart (1958). Others first appeared in African publications and two were published first in American magazines. As a collection they will probably be more appealing to those who have already read Achebe's novels than to the reader picking up a work by an African writer for the first time. A number of them are obvious antecedents of Achebe's later novels, dealing with similar issues and conflicts.

When I have encountered Achebe's stories before, I have usually felt that they were secondary to his novels. Reading them all together, I am convinced that this is so, though there are a number of stories here which are particularly effective—especially "The Voter," which is a satirical picture of village politics, and "The Sacrificial Egg," which illustrates the strong force that traditional religion still exerts. These early writings by Achebe depict situations having to do most often with village life in a time of transition; they are marked by humor and satire.

Of the four stories written since the end of the civil war, one is concerned with the war itself and another with its aftermath. The latter, called "Civil Peace," relates the account of Jonathan Iwegbu, who considers himself lucky because he has survived the war with his wife and three of their four children. He works hard until he has saved enough money for a nest egg (egg-rasher as he calls it) only to lose the entire amount to armed robbers who break into his house. He is philosophical in talking about his loss with his neighbors the next day:

> "I count it as nothing," he told his sympathizers, his eyes on the rope he was tying. "What is *egg-rasher*? Did I depend on it last week? Or is it greater than other things that went with the war? I say, let *egg-rasher* perish in the flames! Let it go where everything else has gone. Nothing puzzles God."

The title story, "Girls at War," is the strongest in the collection. It presents a curious challenge for Achebe: although the war may still be the most painful event in his life, it is inevitable that it will have to be exorcised in his fiction. "Girls at War" is not a very pleasant story in spite of its outer gaiety and satiric tone. In it, the war is a constant presence. The reader follows a VIP in the Biafran power structure through his several encounters with a young Nigerian girl of high ideals, named Gladys. But Gladys' optimism wavers as the war becomes more and more destructive and as she learns that the only way she can live in comfort is by exploiting her feminine charms. Toward the end of the war when everyone around her is suf-



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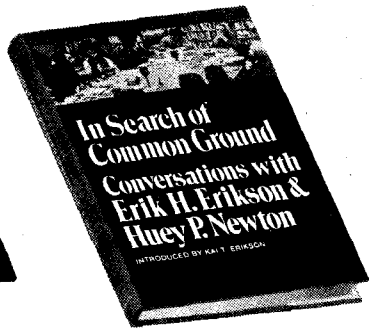

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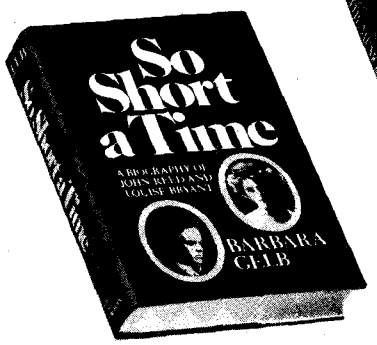

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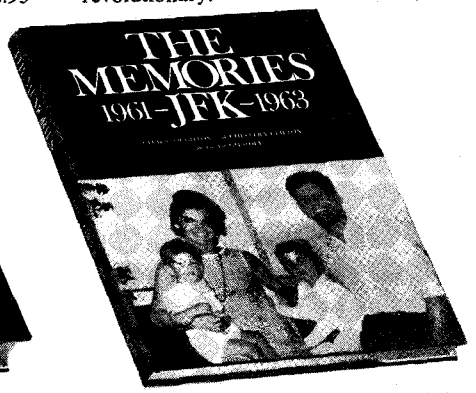

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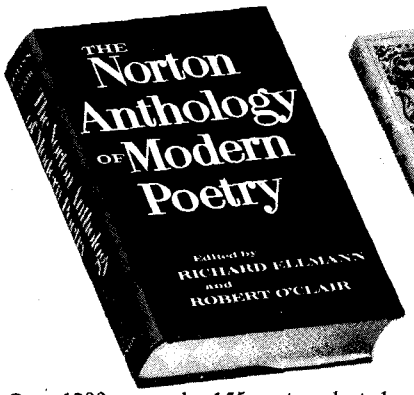

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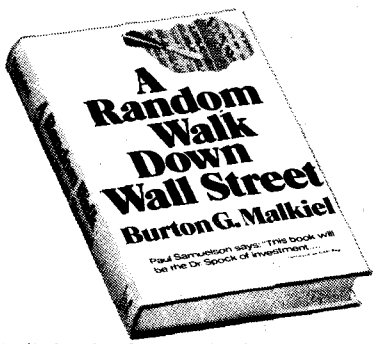

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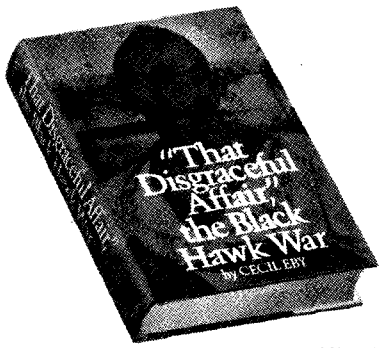

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fering, Gladys is wearing the latest fashions flown in from Gabon. As the main character says of one of Gladys' girl friends,

> She will come back on an arms plane loaded with shoes, wigs, pants, bras, cosmetics and what have you, which she will then sell and make thousands of pounds. You girls are really at war, aren't you?

Stopgaps is how one must characterize both of Achebe's recent works, means of coping with the precarious present. There is a similarity here with what Ezekiel Mphahlele has said about black writing in South Africa—that the reality of present-day life under apartheid is so intense that the creative artist can rarely ever write the novel he wants to but writes instead short works, mostly stories and poems. Chinua Achebe is caught in that situation now, waiting for the book which will not only help exorcise the Biafran experience from his mind and soul but allow him to use his powers at their most impressive pitch. As he told me during a recent conversation (Achebe has been teaching at the University of Massachusetts), this year has been a kind of test for him. Physically, he has cut himself off from Nigeria; time will tell whether an intellectual break is necessary too, or whether on the contrary the nature of Achebe's talent is such that he must renew his African roots if it is to flourish. □

Plastic, and Living Origins

FOR ALWAYS ONLY. *By Ellen Prescott Davidson. W.W. Norton. 130 pp. $5.95.*

IRVING MALIN

This is a surprisingly good novel. Although it deals in naturalistic clichés—of setting, theme and character—it transforms them so that they are tinged with valuable, complex mystery.

Ellen Davidson does more than sketch for us the ambiance of lonely cafés, disappointing marriages, cheap lives. She goes beyond documentation to create fiction—not of the newspaper kind which, of course, is also fiction, but so much less revealing. Perhaps she prepares us for her undertaking by quoting T.S. Eliot: "And every moment is a new and shocking/Valuation of all we have been." The epigraph suggests that she wants to re-evaluate the "average" lives of her characters so that they are redeemed, not lost to the flatness of naturalism.

The plot is simple. Frank, the unlucky manager of a gas station, falls in love with Janice, the married waitress at the neighborhood short-order place. They hesitate to get close to each other; they touch tentatively; and they go their separate ways. The novel is an uneasy dance of unlikely partners—a dance which cannot last.

Obviously, the author must see her lovers in a distinctive way if she is not to risk boring her readers. And she does succeed in making them interesting. She resembles Edward Hopper in that she endows her characters with a special light, or better, recognizes that they have the light within them and persuades us to see it, too.

On the first page, we are introduced to the café and to Frank: "You ate here. It said so on the outside: EAT. And more modestly, to balance things on the glass, *Café*. You ate here because you had to eat and it was kept at that, with a barefaced look, an exposed sort of cleanliness, with nothing in its fixtures to distract the eye and draw it deeper because of a living origin. The plastic was the real thing."

Frank thinks in terms of needs; he knows that he is fated to do certain things to satisfy his needs. He accepts such "barefaced" facts of existence. But Frank hangs "in the doorway, looking," to quote the very first line of the novel, because he fights mere satisfactions. He wants something more—"the real thing." He is trapped between need and desire, between "plastic" and "living origin." Although he realizes that he is much like the plastic men "stuck into the stools in the morning and taken out at night," he hopes to break out of his mold.

Janice, like Frank, wants to reshape her life. Enclosed by her job and marriage, she sees mystery in the odd man who sits daily at her café counter. She envisions a new life with him. But Janice cannot really explain her feelings to Frank. She cannot share her *images* with him.

Davidson is a visionary writer (writing about visionaries) who insists that the only way that love can triumph over plastic is through art—through shared, communal images. Her lovers are unsuccessful because they lack the power to communicate to each other their special ways of looking at the world. And the author does not tell us the reasons for their inability to share their private vision with each other. Too little money? Too much responsibility? Society's fault? Biological determinants? She implies all these possible causes, but she is less interested in them than in present conditions. Davidson refuses to preach—the downfall of a writer as powerful as Dreiser. She keeps her eye on fleeting, inhibited, warped emotions.

She does more. She conveys the sense of claustrophobia that fills the lives of her characters. The café, the bar, the gas station, the hotel room, the car—the closed spaces in which her lovers find themselves are in themselves highly suggestive. And Davidson carries out the suggestion by means of commonplace objects that are imbued with alarming, secret power. Frank looks at the rug in his room: "The rug was a destination all its own, tracked right down to the fiber by how many roomers before him. Door to bed to bath to door, a big step along the route at the dresser where you charged yourself for the world and the hole in the rug was a pit. You went out and came back to stand in it again." The rug endures the shifting footsteps; it outlives the roomers.

For Always Only moves beyond social problems and solutions. It is about the role of love in our society, but it offers few prescriptions. It proposes that somehow existence is "deeper." It

Irving Malin teaches at CCNY. His most recent books are Isaac Bashevis Singer (*Ungar*), Nathanael West's Novels (*Southern Illinois University Press*), *and* Contemporary American Jewish Literature (*Indiana University Press*).

SUBLIMATION

I'm going now
like snow
from the highest snowfields
a warm wind
blotting away the drifts.
I'll not simply melt
be quenching to your thirst
as water
to pennyroyal.
I'll vanish through a door
all air.
And though your fingertips
grope like the roots
of avalanche lilies
for pools
I'll be that vapor
through which
only your voice travels.

Joan Swift

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suggests that people are bound to fail (even with love). It makes us aware of the possibility of tragedy even in otherwise banal existences. After reading it, we understand more clearly the significance of the second epigraph, from *Finnegans Wake*: "I could have stayed up there for always only. It's something fails us. First we feel. Then we fall. And let her rain now if she likes." □

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

There is nowadays so little to laugh at gladly. Comedies are informed with pain; derision sours the jokes. That is why I did not examine the cause of the hilarity which convulsed me at *Good Evening* (Plymouth). Peter Cook and Dudley Moore, those two extraordinary zanies who wrote and perform the antics of the evening are not merely the funniest men in town but the most adult wits.

Only now that I am obliged to "analyze" the nature of the show's comedy do I see that it has its "dark" side. The realities from which their fantastic humors spring become remote beyond recognition. The two players seem to have taken flight from everything mundane and alighted somewhere out of the world.

True, a bizarre, almost somber note is struck in a sketch which hints that supposedly inexplicable crimes are committed by people who wish their existence to be recognized through notoriety. They want their names and pictures in the papers. One is tempted at first to advise the comedians to eliminate the number, as being out of key with the rest of the show. But then, as one thinks back, one realizes that it offers a clue to the whole entertainment. Cook and Moore are "something else" precisely because they have turned the shudder of our times into laughter.

One of the most uproarious and typical of their bits brings on a one-legged actor who is applying at a producer's office where the part of Tarzan is being cast. The actor's entrance is in itself a howl because Dudley Moore is an agile mummer whose lively hop is brilliant buffoonery. The real twist in this madcap skit is that the producer is so thorough a gentleman that he turns the actor down with the suggestion that, if he should be unable to find a two-legged Tarzan, he might call the one-legged applicant back, in which assurance the latter takes hope. That sort of benign duplicity is pretty much what does go on in theatrical offices.

The flummox of fancy restaurants for the elite is similarly spoofed, religious myth is given slapstick treatment and musical manners—Elizabethan, German *Lieder*, pianistic virtuosity as well as the art of the French *chansonnier*—become subjects of insane parody. Our sides ache.

Peter Cook is poker-faced, dry, devastatingly stand-offish; Dudley Moore is graphic and musical, a mixture of factual mimicry, with just enough caricature to make everything he does oddly wonderful.

Lerner and Loewe's *Gigi*, which was made from their picture (starring Maurice Chevalier and Leslie Caron), which was made from a play by Anita Loos (in which Audrey Hepburn emerged), which was made from a French film (with Danielle Delorme), which was wrought from a novel by Colette, is about a girl, trained to be a *haut monde* courtesan, who converts a turn-of-the-century rake into an honest and adoring husband.

The new *Gigi* (Uris Theatre) has an excellent cast: stylish Alfred Drake who has a fine voice, Daniel Massey who is an engaging actor, Agnes Moorehead whose expertise gives her poise, Maria Karnilova whose speech possesses pathos, Karin Wolfe (the present Gigi) who is nice in every respect, George Gaynes who sings magnificently and acts knowingly. In addition, there are pleasant sets by Oliver Smith, handsome costumes by Oliver Messel, a respectable book and lyrics by Alan Lerner, and educated tunes by Frederick Loewe—in brief, a million-dollar show that has everything but charm. The authors call the entertainment "a new musical for Broadway," but Broadway cannot evoke Colette's glamour or the Paris of 1901. The show is a gorgeous flower without fragrance. Or an ad for tourism.

The new play which most interested me thus far this season is, as I indicated last week, David Rabe's *Boom Boom Room*. Once again, and through another milieu, this young dramatist vents his hurt and anger at a world in which moral insensibility and a lack of real values breed cruelty and grief, breakdown and horror—what an early 20th-century Russian writer once called "red laughter."

But Rabe is a man of feeling, a poet whose wounds cry out to us. His savagery does not make us turn away in disgust. In this play, as in earlier ones (*Pavlo Hummel* and *Sticks and Bones*), the "little" men and women he writes about are people in whom, beneath the filth of stupid habit, grinding mechanization, tumultuous inanity, mindless verbiage and ugly frivolity, there are still remnants of natural human desire and aspiration. The focus for all this is Chrissy, an abject, defeated go-go girl seeking herself as a person in the electrified wilderness of a second-rate Big Town.

The play, I repeat, begins as though it were a naturalistic study—it never strays far from the individual girl—but it gradually evolves into a soul-searing schizophrenic rave. There are, in other words, both a subjective intimacy in the play's composition and a general statement which declares itself in speeches and scenes which exceed realism. The production of such a play raises difficulties. This is particularly true in the case of the Beaumont Theatre, whose stage and auditorium create a sense of vastness (unrelated to the actual seating capacity) inimical to the requirements of *Boom Boom Room*.

A sense of place is wholly absent from Santo Loquasto's setting. Neither the specific grubbiness of Chrissy's quarters nor the lurid obscenity of the joint where she works is conveyed. The soiled streets where Chrissy's lovers proliferate, almost equally important to the total portrayal, simply do not exist except as a neutral

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forestage. Nothing more is provided than a decorative background, a big "effect" without true expressiveness.

Against the broad, artistically nondescript background in which the go-go girls are suspended in huge lamplike cages, most of the characters, especially Chrissy, very nearly disappear. Though Madeline Kahn as Chrissy triumphs over the obstruction of evident stylistic uncertainty in the production, she could be even more poignant, as well as occasionally "funnier," if she had been allowed greater freedom and were less directed into obvious devices of characterization. She has much more "stuff" for her role than the staging allows her to reveal.

There remains the fundamental problem which scene designers for the Vivian Beaumont must hereafter consider far more carefully than they have until now: how to create intimacy on a stage and in a house that appears to be chiefly suitable for spectacle. □

DANCE

NANCY GOLDNER

As Time Goes By, the new ballet that Twyla Tharp made for the City Center Joffrey Ballet's fall season, is not about Humphrey Bogart. It is about the elements intrinsic to dance composition. A "pure" dance work would be an accurate description if it did not imply that her other ballets are impure. Yet *As Time Goes By* does make you especially aware of Tharp's skill because it so clearly exposes choreographic methods.

In the first part, a solo for Beatriz Rodriguez—and perhaps because it *is* a solo—you notice most of all the steps. They alternate between straight dance and Tharp dance, between, for example, a smooth, harmonious series of spins and a series in which Rodriguez, balanced precariously, makes quick half-rotations in opposite directions. One minute you see the typically balletic pitter-patter footwork while the upper body is serenely oblivious to the scurrying. Next minute she's peering over her feet, watching the pitter-patter escalate into a commotion. In the middle of a passage the slightly angled head (ballet) cranes to the side (Tharp dance). Flowing classical *ports de bras* break down into arbitrary maneuvers, and the rounded elbow cracks. Musically phrased sequences are intensified into clusters of steps followed by drift. Tharp always shows the norm and the departure. The beauty of it is that the two are interwoven, and from the union comes a new style of dance, though that is not the only source of Twyla Tharp's innovation.

The adjustments she makes to ballet, whether it be in timing, carriage of the body, line, energy flow or other things I cannot yet put my finger on, often come out humorously. There's certainly a lot of laughter from the audience, much of it I suspect a nervous response to the strange interplay between the familiar and unfamiliar. While Tharp's off-kilter dancing does reflect a witty attitude toward life, it is an injustice to pass her off as a jokester. For the more I see her manipulations the more convinced I become that she is redefining balletic concepts, as Balanchine did. For example, he made the turned-in leg elegant. Tharp makes elegant the drift, the moments when a dancer is relaxed in an almost knockabout way. Whereas Balanchine found a way to connect unconnected movement, Tharp is now finding a way to disconnect what is assumed to be connected. Merce Cunningham has also done this, but Tharp is working off a balletic movement.

The solo in *As Time Goes By* is followed by a dance for six, compositionally the most brilliant part of the ballet. The solo was without music. Now the dancers join with Haydn (the beginning of the third movement of the *Farewell Symphony*, No. 45). As in chamber music, there is a thoroughgoing but noncompetitive tension between the activities of the individual and those of the group. The composer's challenge is to strike a balance between the one and the all. Tharp poses the same challenge for herself and meets it at the level of the best chamber music composers.

First, she places the dancers close together, creating a visual correspondence to chamber music's unique density. Their physical intimacy is not pressed, but you feel a spatial definition, if not restriction. Remarkably, the boundaries are not externally defined; that is, the dancers do not move in circles, squares or any other nameable shape. Their overall shape seems to be internally, or organically, defined. Second, steps are repeated or, with only slight variations, passed from dancer to dancer. Sometimes the variation consists of different placement: first it emerges from the front of the group, then from the side. This kind of change functions as a coloristic device, registering the difference between the violin and cello when they play the same notes. Third, you notice that the dancers are linked to specific instruments and themes, but this isn't pressed either. Fourth, several times the dance unravels itself, producing the kind of resolution effected when the tonic note is sounded. The dance resolves in the shape of a V. Again, the point is not pressed; the V being neither perfectly symmetrical nor set in the exact center of the stage. However, it brings you back to home base, as do Tharp's returns to normal ballet. Fifth, sometimes the matrix yields to one dancer or one couple, very much the way the bass or viola will finally get its say in a quartet.

Naturally this section is difficult to absorb because one is much more accustomed to listen to chamber music than to watch it, but it is remarkable how Tharp maintains the tension between

THE NATURE OF THINGS

Now that the Prussians
have eaten the last of the chicken,
and the Sioux and Dr. Oppenheimer
have finished toasting the Louisiana Purchase,
and the Viennese delegation
have retired to the library for brandy and cigars,
let's get to more serious business.
Let's put it in perspective.

We were together once and now we are not.
We were lovers once and now we are not.

It's as simple as that.
As the inside of a pomegranate,
as pain,
as the way the sun goes down
on one side of the eyes
and the moon up on the other;

it's as simple, as simple as all that.

Bruce Edward Taylor

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the individual and the group, how she maintains each component in full deployment, and how harmonious the whole shebang is. It lasts for only a few minutes, but it would have been satisfying had it been the entire ballet.

It isn't. There are two more parts. One is a series of finales to end all finales. It contains fouled-up floor patterns (diagonals, cross-overs, etc.), mushy counterpoint between groups, near collisions, and individualistic ensemble dancing. It is both the Balanchinian symphonic ballet gone haywire and Tharp's own preceding movement in its unsuccessful version. If you wish, you can make an even more specific *danse à clef* out of it. I find the insider's view of ballet distasteful, but in fairness to Tharp it should be said that even a novice balletgoer will get the jokes. She has in fact made a glorious mess—at times a profound mess.

Besides, it is followed by the ballet's most beautiful part—a series of trios, quartets and duets that float imperceptibly into a solo. The solo brings the ballet to its finish just as imperceptibly, so that when it's over you feel that a new friend has been snatched away. The last, adagio movement of the symphony accompanies this section. The dancing is a concrete expression of Everyman's desire to dance—that is, to float, sway, just move without the encumbrance of steps—because the music is so beautiful. Tharp gets to the nub of that fantasy without sacrificing the choreographer's instinct and duty to invent steps in interesting arrangements. The dances have the easygoing swing of ice skating. They also contain private riffs, suggestive of people fooling around in their living rooms. In my experience, the closest dancers of the world are men. The lead dancer in this section is a man, Larry Grenier. His slow shoulder shimmies, lazy pelvic swivels, the lingering curlicues his foot traces on the floor (which are also affectionate tributes to Haydn's 18th century and the minuet), the sweeping falls to the knee with arms outstretched—all this "feminine" lyricism speaks for all men who see in the swan queen a reflection of their own lyrical impulses. Perhaps that explains why Grenier's lovely dancing evoked audience titters. It also explains this section's rare poignancy.

Deuce Coupe, Tharp's first work for the Joffrey company, had its première last February. It was a breakthrough, as well as a smash hit because it brought an *avant-gardist* into a ballet company. *As Time Goes By* is also a breakthrough. In her most recent dances, all set to popular music—*Eight Jelly Rolls, The Bix Pieces, The Raggedy Dances* and *Deuce Coupe*—Tharp has evolved an extraordinarily personal mode of movement. *As Time Goes By* has all the personal vision and style and innovation of the other ballets, but is less idiosyncratic. It is significant, I think, that neither Tharp, a star dancer, nor her own small company appears in the newest ballet, as they do in *Deuce Coupe*. In *As Time Goes By* she choreographs for the first time for women in toe shoes. The ballet thus reveals a greater objectivity between Tharp and her work. There is also an intensification of construction, a deepening exploration into the nature of ballet, and—I might as well say what I didn't want to say before—a purification of ideas and objectives. *As Time Goes By* is a major development in her career because it brings into play once more Tharp, the theoretician, Tharp, pre-*Eight Jelly Rolls*. The *Deuce Coupe* line of direction would eventually lead to a dead end, though not without yielding a few more great ballets before getting there. *As Time Goes By* would seem to offer classical dance's unlimited possibilities. □

Pasadena Museum of Modern Art

BARBARA ISENBERG

Los Angeles

Next year the Pasadena Museum of Modern Art will celebrate its fiftieth anniversary, a milestone which, even recently, many observers thought it would never reach. Just two years ago, the internationally acclaimed museum was staggering under enormous deficits which not only contracted its hours, staff and programs but threatened its very existence.

While the museum is still impoverished by its earlier excesses, the situation today is considerably improved. By combining economies with aggressive fund raising, it finished the last fiscal year within its budget and hopes to clear its outstanding debts by next summer. Perhaps more important, it appears to be achieving the sense of perspective and direction it sorely lacked.

The Pasadena Museum, located about 10 miles from downtown Los Angeles, is a well-respected exhibitor of 20th-century art and its origins. It held the first major retrospective of Marcel Duchamp and has originated extensive exhibitions of Roy Lichtenstein, Claes Oldenberg and Andy Warhol. Recently on view were sculpture and drawings by Eva Hesse (through November 11) and a retrospective of photographer Barbara Morgan (through November 18), as well as works by contemporary artists from the permanent collections.

Its problems, however, have had less to do with its art than with its aspirations. Founded in the early 1920s on a small base, the museum built eclectic collections and for thirty years centered its exhibitions on local artists. Then in 1953 it received the Galka E. Scheyer bequest of several hundred works by the "blue four"—Paul Klee, Wassily Kandinsky, Lyonel Feininger and Alexei Jawlensky—which both intensified its bias toward modern art and raised its stature nationally.

The Scheyer bequest, however, also contributed to the museum's future worries, for its coffers could not support its broader ambitions. And while the emphasis on modern art may have widened its audience, it also alienated many traditional patrons and donors. Similarly, the increased national attention led the museum to overextend itself in exhibitions as well as facilities.

This spendthrift attitude culminated in the fall of 1969, when the museum moved to spacious new quarters, which it had sought for years but still could not afford. Less than two years later, the museum was cutting back hours, staff, services and programs. For many reasons, including an economic downturn which thwarted many cultural fund-raising drives of the period, its sources of money were drying up as its costs soared.

While the new museum building

Barbara Isenberg writes on business, the arts and social issues from Los Angeles.

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has been criticized for massiveness and lack of flexibility—its huge walls are excellent space for the large canvases of Frank Stella, Larry Bell and Kenneth Noland, but smaller works by Bell or Richard Diebenkorn are at a disadvantage—the main criticisms have centered on poor fiscal planning. Initial plans called for two equal funds of $4 million for the building and its endowment, but construction costs ran beyond $5 million, exclusive of land, and almost none of the planned endowment money came in. Interest on the construction loan runs some $73,000 a year.

When the museum moved, attendance jumped from 20,000 to nearly 300,000 a year; today it is closer to 180,000, the novelty having worn off. Los Angeles' cultural center has been moving westward from the quiet suburb of Pasadena, and observers agree that attendance would probably increase sharply if the museum were closer to population centers.

The museum finished its fiscal year in the summer of 1971 with an operating deficit of $180,000, and outstanding debts from prior years of $250,000. To cut costs, the museum locked its doors three days a week, an experiment which lasted four months and which director William C. Agee concedes was an error. It confused the public, was psychologically depressing and saved little money. The air conditioning, for example, had to be kept on whether the museum was open or shut.

More substantial cuts were made in the budgets for staff and exhibitions. In the fall and early winter of 1971-72, the museum reduced its staff by one-half, almost every nonprofessional job being taken over by a volunteer. Exhibitions become more modest and prudent, in contrast to the open-handed earlier practices, when the museum often organized expensive exhibitions without estimating realistically the income they would return. Agee says he had to put off some shows the museum couldn't afford, but it did maintain quality by emphasizing young California artists and its permanent collections. Its exhibition, "A Look at New York," held earlier this year, included work by Jackson Pollock, Jasper Johns, Robert Rauschenberg and Mark Rothko. It drew on both museum and local collections, had no catalogue and was hung, says Agee, for less than $500.

The museum also sought to broaden its audience and donor support. Los Angeles, a major art capital and a center for practicing artists, has ample, if untapped, donors of all persuasions, and the museum has sought funds beyond the Pasadena community. The current president of its Board of Trustees, Gifford Phillips, lives outside the city of Pasadena, and many new members have come from outlying areas.

In addition to more aggressive fund raising—two women raised $50,000 last year—the museum was helped considerably by the National Endowment for the Arts, which contributed more than $100,000 in a recent one-year period. While the National Endowment moneys went toward such costs as underwriting exhibitions, education, conservation and acquisition, they freed funds for housekeeping and other urgent expenses.

Unlike Los Angeles' other major museum, the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, the Pasadena Museum is almost totally privately supported. It receives $25,000 a year from the city of Pasadena, but more than 90 per cent of its support, memberships and gifts, comes from the public. For the past several years, the Pasadena and County Museums have discussed various cooperative efforts, but the suggestions have yet to prove acceptable to both sides.

QUICK POEM

My daughter is alive
As I am alive
As my wife is alive

All of us
In the same time

Aram Saroyan

Meanwhile, the Pasadena Museum has brought its operating budget down below its $500,000 goal of last year, and Agee predicts it will be rid of outstanding debts within eight months. The capital debt on the building, too, is down from $1 million to $850,000.

The museum, however, still needs endowment funds or some form of basic subsidy to meet future as well as present needs. Many full-time jobs are still held by volunteers, costs have continued to rise and exhibitions remain relatively modest. While this year's budget is set at $650,000, Agee feels the operating overhead should be closer to $800,000 or $850,000.

But the threat of extinction has passed, and the museum's current concerns center more on improvement than survival. Acquisition funds are still small—estimated at about $25,000 this year, including $10,000 from the National Endowment—but not long ago even those funds had to be diverted to the exhibition program.

The museum's change of name last March, from the Pasadena Art Museum to the Pasadena Museum of Modern Art, was also a positive statement of what the institution has been doing the past twenty years. It firmly established the museum's modern art interests, even at the cost of some alienation. Says Agee, "People saw certain exhibits and never came back. It was like someone seeing a movie he didn't like and never going back to that theatre. It still isn't the most popular show in town, but there is greater understanding in the community these days of what we are trying to achieve."

Now preparing for its fiftieth anniversary, which will include the first full showing of the Scheyer bequest, the museum is seeking a full-time director of funding development. Board of Trustees President Phillips expects a major capital campaign in the near future, a drive which had to wait until the museum could show potential donors that it was here to stay and could meet the needs of both community and public. Phillips feels the museum has now proved its viability: "Not only are its deficits modest now, but we have demonstrated we have the ways and means to cover them." □

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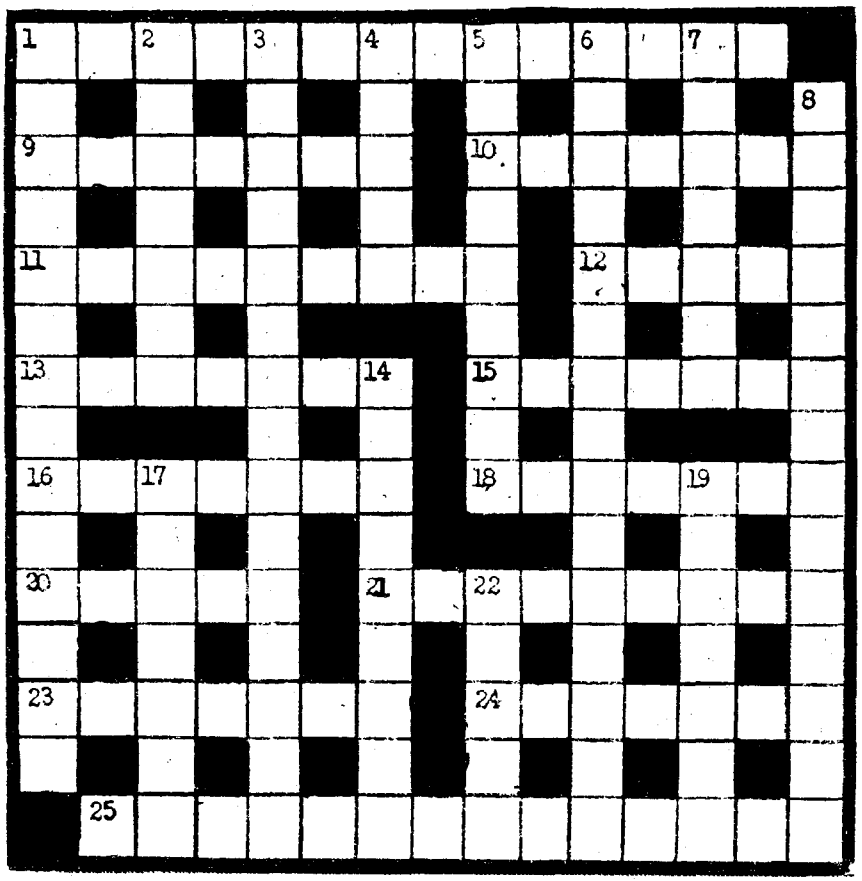
FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 We might recognize it shortly as being somewhat fishy, but no one gets credit for it. (4,2,8)
9 It might be a sign of a number in Baltimore, for example. (7)
10 Strigil, for instance. (7)
11 Military headquarters has one angle of advantage over such, numerically speaking. (9)
12 Had I European advantages, there might be some word on going here. (5)
13 What makes a peculiar smile so indicative of flexibility? (7)
15 A fast entrance might be made available if you do. (7)
16 Presumably you can't do it to the subject of "Rule Britannia." (7)
18 There's usually a good one in a detective story. (7)
20 Time given to music, perhaps. (5)
21 Evergreen oak should be one of its constituents. (9)
23 Where some western sun's rays meet, if you listen to it. (7)
24 The composition of a big ad in "Daily Living." (7)
25 Fleet starter for the English? (6,3,5)

DOWN

1 Washington Landlords, or what they begin with? (7, 7)
2 Lively types persist in making them. (7)
3 What they have to take at the crossroads, somehow. (3,3,2,7)
4 Do shortly, as a mark of iteration. (5)
5 Can't spirit be found among them, however? (4, 5)
6 As an example, pigs can make the lines come out even this way. (8, 7)
7 Certainly not a first edition. (7)
8 Having trouble reading the fine print, it could be discovered. (7,2,5)
14 Somewhat wrought up over what one did that might be considered constitutional? (9)
17 Somewhat seedy, perhaps. (7)
19 Sternutory lower end with the river. (7)
22 One way to put out tar on wood. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1513

ACROSS: 1 Pass the hat; 10 and 18 Roaring success; 11 Turkish; 12 Eats; 13 Common cold; 15 Threads; 16 Thermal; 17 Oysters; 20 Barmaid; 22 Second-hand; 23 Cowl; 25 Niebuhr; 26 Sliding; 27 East; 28 and 6 Going great guns. DOWN: 1 Perfect nonsense; 2 Scatter; 3 and 24 Thinking; 4 Engross; 5 Attempt; 7 Uniform; 8 Scheduled flight; 9 Cranberry; 14 Cavernous; 19 Scherzo; 20 Benison; 21 Aconite.

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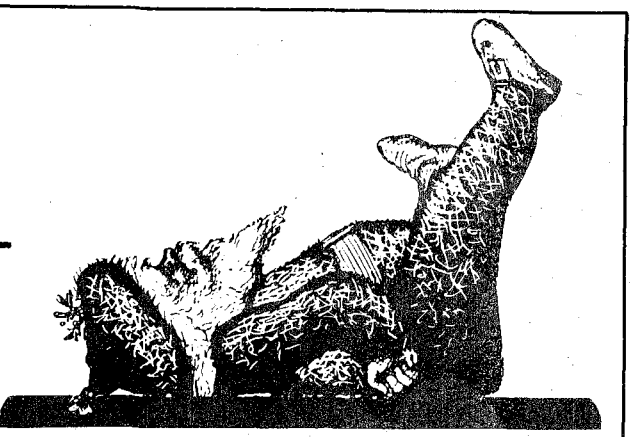

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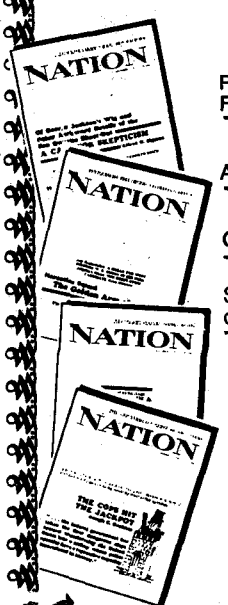

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